The Relief Society Magazine

September 1930

Vol. XVII
No. 9

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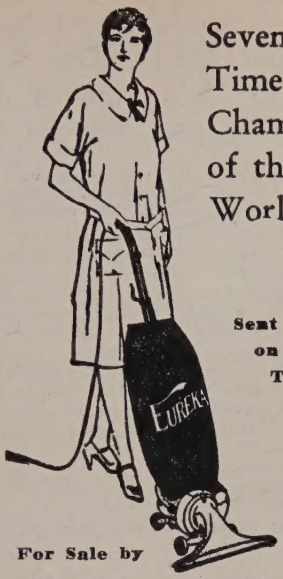

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VOL. XVII SEPTEMBER, 1930 NO. 9

JOSEPH SMITH

Translator of the Book of Mormon, which was published one hundred years ago.

The Book of Mormon

By S. T. Brimhall-Foley

Flower from the hillside,
  Sweet September rose,
Planted by prophets
  In soil that they chose.

Silent for ages,
  At length to come forth
And speak as by magic
  Through tongues of the earth.

Rose of Columbia
  No hand shall destroy,
Plucked by an angel
  And read by a boy.

Flower of a nation
  And light to a world,
With fragrance unceasing
  Its bright leaves unfold.

The plant of its fountain
  Shall ever increase,
Be guarded by angels
  'Till earth rests in peace.

EMMA HALE SMITH

First President of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVII SEPTEMBER, 1930 No. 9

Fiftieth Birthday

Of the General Boards of Relief Society, Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and Primary Association

By Amy Brown Lyman, General Chairman of Committee

NINETEEN hundred thirty has been the most thrillingly interesting and remarkable year in the history of the Church, save the organization year, 1830. The spirit of the Centennial has permeated every gathering and has stirred the hearts and emotions of every Latter-day Saint, reaching a climax in the great Church conference held in April.

The year chronicles another significant, historic event, which, though of minor importance, is of deep interest in Church circles and particularly in the women's groups —namely, the fiftieth birthday of the General Boards of Relief Society, Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and Primary Association, which occurred on June 19.

The forming of the Central or General Boards of these three auxiliaries should not be confused with the organization of the auxiliaries themselves, for they had all been functioning for a number of years previous to 1880—the Relief Society since March 17, 1842; the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association since November 28, 1869; and the Primary Association since August 11, 1878. Nor should the idea prevail that the local groups of each auxiliary had been entirely without mutual interest before 1880, for Sister Eliza R. Snow, who was appointed by President Brigham Young in 1866 to supervise the organization of Relief Societies, Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and Primary Associations in the stakes and wards of the Church, had, with her assistants, traveled from one end of the Territory to the other in the interest of the work in its different phases. From 1866 to 1880 she had stood at the head of the women's work in the Church, and was known as the "president of the L. D. S. women's organizations." But there had been no Central or General Boards to specialize in and direct the work of each organization un-

til President Taylor took action in the matter.

IT will be interesting for a moment to go back to the eventful occasion on June 19, 1880, when the organization of the Boards took place, and the foundation was laid for drawing the stakes more closely together in each field. It was a "Sisters' Conference," held in Salt Lake City, with President John Taylor and President Angus M. Cannon in attendance. It was the second day. The morning session was held in the Tabernacle, and the afternoon session in the Assembly Hall. The Tabernacle meeting was devoted largely to the work of the Relief Society and Primary, the middle seats of the great auditorium being filled with children. The organization of the Primary Board came first and was followed by that of the Relief Society. The afternoon session was held in the Assembly Hall, where the work of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association was featured, and it was here that the organization of this Board was effected.

In taking this important step President Taylor was no doubt motivated by two major ideas: first, that a separation of the work of the three women's organizations into more definite and specialized fields would bring better results to the various phases of work and to the workers themselves; secondly, that through central boards the work in each field could be better standardized and unified.

THE Central Boards, as inaugurated, consisted only of executive officers, but were later augmented by the addition of aids. Following is a complete list of the original officers:

Relief Society—President, Eliza R. Snow; Counselors, Zina D. H. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whitney; Secretary, Sarah M. Kimball; Treasurer, M. Isabella Horne;

Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association—President, Elmina S. Taylor; Counselors, Margaret Y. Taylor and Martha Horne (Tingey); Secretary, Louie Wells (Cannon);

Primary Association—President, Louie B. Felt; Counselors, Matilda M. Barrett and Clara C. M. Cannon; Secretary, Lillie T. Freeze; Treasurer, Minnie Felt (Cutler).

A WORD of explanation regarding the nature of the "Sisters' Meetings" and "Sisters' Conferences" might not be out of place in this article, and might make it clearer as to why the forming of the Central Boards took place in these meetings. Sister M. Isabella Horne, president of the Salt Lake stake Relief Society, conceived the idea of holding, under the direction of the stake Relief Society, joint meetings of the women's organizations in the city, feeling that the Relief Society should mother the work of the women and make opportunity for reports and discussion of their work and problems and for comparison of progress. So these meetings were joint affairs of the Relief Society, Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and Primary Association, held regularly, mostly in the Fourteenth Ward, with Mrs. Horne presiding. They were in reality union meetings—forerunners of the present monthly union meetings held in all the auxiliaries of the Church.

THE interesting fiftieth birthday anniversary on June 19 of this year was celebrated jointly by the three General Boards in a most fitting manner, with the present members of the Boards as hostesses, and the General Authorities of the

Church, and their wives and all former Board members as guests of honor. The invitations to the affair were beautiful and will no doubt be kept and prized as souvenirs by those who received them. They were gold and white—gold embossed letters on soft white paper.

While it was a time of rejoicing together, it was also a solemn occasion. A spirit of reverence seemed to pervade the atmosphere and to stir the emotions. Everyone present seemed to be conscious of the fact that it had been half a hundred years to the day since President John Taylor had seen fit to organize separate Central Boards to direct the work of the organized women of the Church, and thus to release latent possibilities in the organizations themselves and in the workers also.

The celebration consisted of a reception and luncheon in the Board rooms of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and Primary Association, and a program in the large auditorium. The guests were received by a special reception committee, headed by President Louise Y. Robison of the Relief Society, President Ruth May Fox of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and Superintendent May Anderson of the Primary Association.

The presence of President Heber J. Grant and Counselors, and other General Authorities of the Church, and their wives, together with many of the former board members, lent dignity and importance, and historic interest to the occasion. Mrs. Martha Horne Tingey, former General President of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, was the center of much interest, for not only had she been a former General President, but also one of the original officers of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, receiving appointment as second Counselor to President Elmina S. Taylor at the historic organization meeting fifty years before.

PRESIDENT Louise Y. Robison presided at the meeting in the auditorium and extended a hearty welcome and greetings to those assembled.

The program consisted of musical numbers, introductory remarks by the General Chairman; brief addresses by the three Presidents of the General Boards, sketching the growth and present work of the respective organizations; Reminiscences by Mrs. Martha Horne Tingey (a charter board member); remarks by Presidents Heber J. Grant and Anthony W. Ivins; and the presentation of stereoptican pictures of the past and present executive officers of the General Boards.

The musical numbers were hymns which had been sung at the organization meetings and were as follows: "Sweet is Thy Work, My God, My King;" "Come, O, Thou King of Kings;" "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning;" "O, Awake, My Slumbering Minstrels;" and "O My Father, Thou That Dwellest." The first three were rendered by the congregation; the fourth, "O, Awake, My Slumbering Minstrels," was given as a trio by members of the Primary Board, and the last, "O My Father," was given as a solo by Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal of the Relief Society Board. The invocation was offered by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wilcox, a former member of the Relief Society Board, and the benediction was given by Mrs. Maria Young Dougal, former member of the General

COUNSELOR Amy Brown Lyman of the Relief Society, general chairman of the committee, gave a short talk stating that the program to follow would be of an historical nature. She gave a brief account of the organization of the Boards and of the founding of each of the separate groups.

President Louise Y. Robison gave a report of the Relief Society from the beginning, showing a steady growth in membership, interest and activities. She stated that the organization had carried out as nearly as possible the spirit of the original organization under the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as an aid to the Priesthood in caring for the sick and needy. She stated that the work went forward more rapidly after the organization of the first Board in 1880. One achievement she felt greatly to the credit of the Relief Society was the work it had accomplished in the field of health. The educational features for members were also commented upon, as well as the opportunities for spiritual development.

Miss May Anderson, General Superintendent of the Primary Association, reported the organization and growth of the Primary since 1880. She mentioned as an outstanding feature of Primary work the Convalescent Home for boys and girls. She pleaded for support to this very worthy institution to aid unfortunate children. The hospital is supported by birthday pennies of Primary children of the Church and is an outstanding institution of the country, she said.

President Ruth May Fox of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association spoke briefly concerning the organization and growth of the Association since the appointment in 1880 of Sister Elmina S. Taylor as the first General President. She read extracts from the *Woman's Exponent*, giving an account of the organization meeting held at the Assembly Hall. She stated since that time the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association had expanded from one group meeting to discuss religious subjects, to include four groups and that the Association now has also been given the assignment of conducting the recreation and leisure time of the Church for all members over Primary age. She reported Mutual work being carried on in practically every mission in the world, as well as in the United States, and that it was doing much to aid missionaries in interesting young people in the gospel.

Mrs. Martha H. Tingey was the next speaker, who, together with Mrs. Lillie T. Freeze are now the only living members who were present at the original organization meeting in 1880. Sister Tingey, then Miss Martha Horne, was made second counselor to President Elmina S. Taylor of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. Sister Tingey gave reminiscences of the first organization and the early growth of Mutual work and the difficulties under which the officers worked in order to get Associations started. She marveled, she said, in looking back, to find the development that had taken place. She expressed gratitude at being permitted to live to this day—the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of General Boards of these three women's auxiliaries of the Church.

PRESIDENT Heber J. Grant was the next speaker. He expressed his pleasure at being in attendance at this gathering. He commented on the splendid work being

carried on by the three organizations and offered words of encouragement. He expressed confidence in the officers placed in charge of these auxiliaries and pronounced a blessing on those assembled.

President Anthony W. Ivins commented on the faithfulness of the women of the Church from the very beginning of its organization, in carrying on whatever assignments were given them, and paid a tribute to their energy and interest and loyalty. He also expressed appreciation for the growth of the three associations.

Pictures were thrown on a screen, showing officers of the three organizations from the first ones installed up to the present time. Those for the Relief Society were presented by Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, member of the Relief Society Board; those for the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association by Mrs. May Booth Talmage of the Young Ladies' Board; and those for the Primary Association by Counselor Edna H. Thomas of the Primary Board.

The Clock Shop

By Eugene L. Roberts

Tick-tock, tick-tock, a host of clocks
With none in tune, and none in time;
Tick-tock, tick-tock, a mother clock
Would time their ticks and make them rhyme;
But no such thing can long be done
Since each lone clock must have its fun.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, good mother clock,
Be well content to watch your flock;
For in good time they'll see the need
Of timing ticks to mother's lead.

Editor's Note—This poem was inspired by a clock-shop which made Mr. Roberts think of his wife and their eight children.

The first woman to win the gruelling 750-mile King's Cup air race is Winifred Brown, 26 years old, on July 5. There were in the contest many famous fliers, both men and women. Among these women was one whose husband had competed. He explained rather apologetically to his wife the reason for his plane failing, to which she answered, "Never mind; for the first time a woman has won."

Resignation of Editor Alice L. Reynolds Announced

THE Presidency and General Board of Relief Society announce, with deep regret, the resignation of Miss Alice Louise Reynolds as Editor of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Since February 7, 1923, she has held and brought honor and distinction to this position.

Miss Reynolds, who is professor of English Literature at the Brigham Young University, feels that it is best to confine her labors to the University, and the General Board has, with rtluctance, acquiesced in her decision.

The *Relief Society Magazine*, under Miss Reynolds' supervision and guidance, has not only maintained its high standard, but has increased in interest, grown in popularity, and extended its influence.

MISS REYNOLDS' contacts with universities and university life both in the United States and Europe, coupled with her extensive travel experience, have given a breadth of interest to her writing which could come in no other way, attracting the attention of a class of readers who have been interested in both the national and international tone of the Magazine. Then, too, she has always been interested in the achievements of women—this, added to her contacts with leaders of women's organizations, has been another source of special interest.

Miss Reynolds was reared in a home with the companionship of parents deeply interested in religion—her father a writer of Latter-day Saint books—and she has been a teacher of theology in our Church schools the major portion of her life, all of which has helped her in a special way to edit a Church magazine.

Miss Reynolds has the affection and respect of the General Board, and their interest and good wishes in her future welfare.

Louise Y. Robison,
Amy Brown Lyman,
Julia A. Child,
General Presidency.

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VOL. XVII SEPTEMBER, 1930 No. 9

EDITORIAL

Women on the Program of the National Education Association

THE National Education Association has recently completed its annual meeting, held this year at Columbus, Ohio. Three women of unusual interest appeared on the program, two of whom are nationally well known—the first, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, a member of Congress; the second, Judge Florence E. Allen, a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio; the third, Miss Florence M. Hale, who is a rural school supervisor. The air has been resounding with praise of their achievement ever since the meeting.

There are persons who have attended practically every meeting of the National Education Association who state that for "brilliancy, sanity, and personality," these three women have gone beyond the efforts of women at any previous meeting. Dr. Winship, in his magazine, states that he has "asked several people to name three men at the Columbus meeting who rivaled those women, and no one has been willing to line up three men who made as great a platform contribution to the importance of the Columbus meeting as these women made." In analyzing the situation, Dr. Winship continues: "The Congress-woman owes much to inheritance and public opportunity, the judge owes much to legal training and public responsibility, and the rural school supervisor has achieved high platform art through persistent practice in saying wise things in a wise way cleverly."

Lady Aberdeen Receives Honorary Degree

LADY ABERDEEN, so long president of the International Council of Women, has recently had conferred upon her the honorary degree of L.L.D. from Aberdeen University. She is the second woman to receive an honorary degree from that institution, and this is as it should be. The first woman to receive such a degree was Queen Mary, in 1922, just eight years ago; or, to put it in another form, just eleven years after her coronation at Westminster Abbey. We could scarcely expect Lady Aberdeen to precede her sovereign in such an honor, but it is highly fitting that she should be the second woman in the realm to be so signally recognized.

The Relief Society, an affiliated member of the National Council of Women of the United States, through the columns of the *Magazine,* extends hearty congratulations to Lady Aberdeen on an occasion so fraught with honor and distinction to her.

After Forty Years

HULL HOUSE is forty years of age, and the great woman who conceived the idea and put it over is still living. The *Literary Digest* says that Hull House is probably the most famous social settlement in the world, as famous perhaps as Jane Addams who gave it birth.

At the celebration held recently, on the fortieth anniversary, telegrams were received from many persons of high worth among social workers, recognizing the importance of a piece of work such as Hull House represents.

OF very recent date is an article appearing in the *Literary Digest* that is bold enough in tone to state that while business concerns are not supposed to support philanthropy, yet business recognizes that if people are physically fit and full of zest for life, they both earn and spend much more money than under other conditions. Consequently, it is part of good business to see that people are kept well, that they are provided with the food and clothing they need, for it all accelerates business.

This sounds like new philosophy, but it is undoubtedly true. In the days when men spent from daylight to dark in the factories, they had neither time nor ambition to think of spending money for leisure, and sometimes hardly for the bare necessities. It looks as though we are learning by degrees that frequently the most desirable way to do things is also the best business practice.

All hail to Jane Addams, who had the foresight, coupled with the courage, to go on with her laudable enterprise in settlement work in the heart of Chicago's slums.

Hyrum Bull and his Associates

JUST when we were getting ready to express the last word of appreciation for Mr. Bull's interest and painstaking effort on behalf of the *Relief Society Magazine,* the news comes that he has passed be-

ond the sound of earthly words.

The preparation of a magazine, whether in the editor's department or the printing department, is a matter of attention to innumerable details. Nothing just happens. Everything done or left undone is apparent. Hyrum Bull, Edwin F. Parry, and C. William Birkinshaw of the Deseret News have carried large responsibility in the publication of our Church magazines, of which the *Relief Society is one*. For the mechanical makeup of the *Magazine* and its never failing to appear, the publication department is responsible.

WE sometimes wonder if it ever occurs to the reader that no matter what happens to machinery, or who falls ill or possibly passes away in the editor's department or the publication department, the *Magazine* always comes out. The worst inconvenience that is suffered is a belated magazine. Daily it is prepared amid the clash and bang of many machines and the untiring attention to small matters that brings about large effects.

For the painstaking care of all who have assisted in this work, we express appreciation in this our final issue. Hyrum Bull has worked with a smile on his face though often in distress, for we learn since his death that he had not been in good health for sometime. So carefully did he cover all traces of pain that we did not suspect it. We shall carry through life the memory of his good cheer and devotion.

A Last Word

AND now there remains only the last word to be said. It is a joyous thing when the last word is a word of appreciation to all who have assisted in the work. To the contributors in the field, to *Magazine* subscribers everywhere, we express our gratitude. To the first class we are largely indebted for whatever excellence in quality the *Magazine* may have possessed during our term as editor; to the second class, for that support and appreciation without which all effort must either languish or eventually die. The support of subscribers has been most gratifying during the more than seven years and a half that we have had charge of the work.

To the executive committee, at whose head President Clarissa S. Williams stood during the major part of the time we have served, as also to the present executive committee with President Louise Y. Robison at the head, we wish to acknowledge kindly helpfulness. To the members of the Board, all of whom have been contributors at one time or another, we speak the word of gratitude.

We also wish to acknowledge help extended by the managers of the *Magazine*. To Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde, who has held this position until April 1925, and with whom we frequently conferred, we express appreciation. To Counselor Amy Brown Lyman, who has been assistant manager during the entire period, and whose concern during President Clarissa S. Williams' administration was chiefly with the literary part of the *Magazine,* we are indebted for many stimulating suggestions. She had had practical experience in every phase of the work, having supervised, entirely, a number of issues. For that reason her assitance was invaluable. To President Louise Y. Robison, present

manager, with whom we had many conferences in relation to the preparation of various issues, we are grateful for time devoted and many suggestions. To Mrs. Amy W. Evans, who acted in our stead during the year we were in Europe, we are deeply indebted; to the corps of stenographers who have worked untiringly and with great faithfulness to make possible the result, we acknowledge with gratitude their devotion and loyalty.

Lastly, we wish to acknowledge the blessings of our Heavenly Father. During our term as editor we have been out of the office only one day on account of ill health. We trust the *Magazine*, under our direction, has been the medium of heralding the gospel of a brighter day in many and various ways, and that at all times it has testified to the divinity of Christ and his mission, as also the divinity of the great Latter-day work, with the Prophet Joseph Smith at its head.

Truelson Classic Art Studios

BABY IN SLUMBERLAND

What it Means to be the Mother of Twins

By Emma A. Brough

When the twins were born
My Pa and Ma looked at them
And said, 'Oh pshaw!'
The doctor said 'They're boys, I think.'
And Pa went out and got a drink.
Ma said they looked just like Pa.
Pa said they looked just like Ma."

For some time after the arrival of the twin boys, this was the little song hummed about the house by the two daughters of the family.

Ever since Ellis Parker Butler in the *American Magazine,* February, 1926, wrote "How it Feels to be the Father of Twins," I have been looking for some woman to write a companion article on "What it Means to be the Mother of Twins." I am sorry to say that so far I have failed to discover such an article.

I am sure, however, that almost every mother of twins would very much like to express herself on the subject; the big reason, without a doubt, why she has not done so, is that she *hasn't had time.* Mothers of twins will readily understand just what this means.

Now that I have gotten over the rush stage, so to speak (my twin boys, being at present nearly twelve years old, don't need quite so much detailed attention) — although I must say that they are still very much to the front—I am venturing to set down a few thoughts.

We are doing only our patriotic duty in helping to replenish the man-power of the nation after the war. The boys were born December 15, 1918, missing Armistice Day by just a month and four days.

WE named them Clarence and Lawrence after two splendid young men. One, a Lieutenant Lawrence Evans who was killed in action in France in September, 1918; the other, Clarence Scribner, a fine young man of eighteen years of age, expecting to join the army in the fall of 1918. In June of that year he was drowned near his home in Colorado.

You see, as far as those two who were killed were concerned, by the arrival of our twin boys the population of the country was the same the last month of 1918 as it was the first month.

The photographs of these two young men (the one in a first lieutenant's full-dress uniform, the other in a cowboy's *full-dress uniform* with his horse) are used by the family as disciplinary measures whenever the twins are inclined to be naughty—which is quite often; the pictures are beginning to show wear.

We all take turns in eloquently setting forth the virtues of these young men, telling of what wonderful things they would undoubtedly have accomplished had they lived; and then we point out very strongly how it is up to them (the twins) to see to it that they too get all this done before they in turn pass on.

It has a most wonderful effect on the whole household for a time; then things break loose again and it has all to be repeated. I am only hoping that these two photographs hold out until the boys are grown.

TIME in our home is counted from, before, and after the twins were born.

Now, just how does it seem to be the Mother of twins?

Well, you see when the doctor told the nurse to get another blanket ready, I couldn't very well go out and "get a drink," as Pa did. I had to stay on the job, so to speak; so I merely gulped once or twice, then went off into sweet oblivion, hoping it would be for a nice little rest before I must wake up to my double duty.

As time went on, I must say I agreed with Mark Twain when he said in his "Toast to Babies:" "Sufficient unto the day is *One Baby*. As long as you are in your right mind don't ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot (especially if they happen to be boys). And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection."

We haven't had the insurrection yet, but must say that for about twelve years we have had the permanent riot. We have grown used to it. In fact, if the boys happen to be away for the day or when they are asleep, it actually seems *spooky*, it is so quiet around here. Lest it should be an insurrection next time, we are staying with the permanent riot.

As to praying for twins, Mark Twain was right; but if they happen along without any special prayers, make them welcome. It isn't their fault—poor little tads! You might get to be *real fond* of them after awhile!

BEFORE our twins had reached the age of plain speaking, they overheard some of us older ones speaking of the great amount of work and worry they had been. One of them edged up close, and, putting his arms around me, said, "Well, Mama, now you've dot us, you've dot to teep us."

At that moment I forgot entirely about how much work they had caused me and sensed only the joy of their possession.

When one pair of arms encircle your neck from one side, and another pair from the other side, and between the two you are hugged nearly to pieces, both of your cheeks being kissed at once, you are apt to forget every inconvenience and worry, to ignore every aggravating thing, and simply live in the ecstasy of the moment.

The parents of twins get twice as much love as do the parents of only one child—but they need it!

Twins make you realize you are alive all right; they keep you hitting, all the time, on all four, six or eight cylinders, whichever class or brand you belong to. That doesn't mean just in their baby days either, but all along until they are grown.

IN the minds of fathers of twins there may be a question as to which is which, but there never is any doubt in the minds of the mothers.

A mother knows absolutely which is Tom, which is Dick. One way she can distinguish one from the other is through their cries. She has ample opportunity to learn this from listening to the various kinds of cries from their cradle days: the hunger cry, the peevish cry, the naughty cry, etc. She learns the difference in tone quality and in the pitch of the voice.

Twins may look exactly alike to other folks, but the mother can very readily tell them apart. She has them labeled all right. Each has different characteristics and mannerisms—early distinguished by the mother. She is with them so much day after day, week after week down the years until they come to the parting of the ways, through

college or marriage or both, when they are perhaps separated for the first time.

One thing I noticed very early about our twins was the difference in their appetites—the way each attacked his food. Clarence was hearty and had a greater capacity than Lawrence, who was rather dainty in his manner of taking his food. Clarence was bigger and stronger but not any more lively than Lawrence. This is still true of them.

When I put them in their crib side by side, Clarence would always finish his bottle before Lawrence. He would then slyly reach over and take Lawrence's bottle and calmly proceed to enjoy the contents thereof. I always knew at what point of the meal this happened. How? From the howls set up by the other one. After this happened a few times, I put one in each end of the crib.

ONE thing that used to annoy me a great deal was when people who came to see me—and the twins—would say, "It isn't much more work to take care of twins than it is to take care of one baby, is it?" I always felt like walking out and leaving them to it for a day or two. This expression nearly always came from people who had never had a child, or from some one who had one child. Until the twins were a year old I was constantly on the job; then I began to ease up a little. What kept me busy I need not tell here. Every mother who with little or no help has taken care of her family and home will know.

Many times I was so tired that I would fall asleep if I sat down for a few minutes, regardless of who might be there or what I was doing. Especially was this true after we all had the "flu." It will long be remembered that the latter part of 1918 and the early part of 1919 was the great "flu" year. We all came through safely; but oh! how tired I was for a long time afterwards.

One night I picked up one of the babies, who was crying, from the crib and put him in bed with me to feed him. I was so sleepy and worn out that I did not notice I had picked him up the wrong way—his feet were to the breast and his head down, and I wondered for quite a while why he howled so.

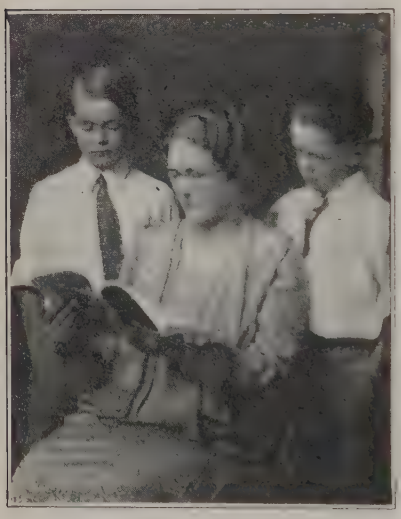
Of course I know it isn't according to Hoyle or Holt or even McCullom to take up a baby to feed it during the night. It should behave itself nicely and sleep until 6 a. m. But when you have two babies "to onct," as Aunt Het says, they don't always do as McCullom or Holt would have them.

Lawrence, (left); Clarence, (right); when they were ten months old

That lady from Boston (or was it Portland, Maine?) who urged all mothers to strike for an eight-hour day, didn't know anything about twins.

A relative of mine, who is the mother of twelve living children, among them twin girls, has an older sister who was married but had never had a child. This sister used to visit her very often, telling her just how she ought to rear her children (just as all these childless individuals can do).

One day, becoming exasperated after so many criticisms and suggestions, this mother turned to her sister and said, "Well, Sarah Ann, if you know so much about it, I'll take your job and you can take mine for a week and I'll see how *you* do



The Twins (when they were ten years old) with their mother

it." Sarah Ann soon found an excuse for leaving. On another day these same sisters were discussing the resurrection of the dead. Sarah Ann said she believed that a lot of good people (like herself) would not be compelled to stay in the grave very long, but would be brought forth much sooner than some other folks. To which the mother of twelve (among them twins) replied, "Well, when I die, I mean to rest, just sleep a *long long* time, before the resurrection. If any one dares to awaken me before I am ready, he had better look out."

MR. BUTLER says, "Twins arrive like a Charleston earthquake. They are likely to happen anywhere on the earth's crust, but are not expected in advance."

There are exceptions to this rule.

I always had a feeling that twins were in my life plan. My husband and I both came from large families. His mother had twelve children, including twin girls. My mother had eight children, including two pairs of twins. If there is anything in heredity, we could not very well expect to escape having them.

However, this fact did not worry us before we were married, as it did one young man I used to know years ago. He had been courting a girl, a splendid young lady, for about two years. Everyone expected them to get married, when suddenly he quit his sweetheart and started to take out another girl. His explanation was that although he loved the first girl very much, he couldn't marry her because he had found out that her mother had twins and he didn't want any twins in *his* family. The girl was quite broken-hearted about it, but he was firm in his conviction.

He married the second girl and *lo* and *behold* the first great event in their married lives was the arrival of twin girls. The first girl married another man and she never had twins.

"But for all their pounding rackets
And their muddy, soggy shoes,
Life without them hath been
stripped
Of half her joys.

TWINS do teach you a lot of things you didn't know before. They also teach you to do things you didn't know how to do before. They teach you to be sympathetic, to be courageous, to be tolerant of other people's ways, to eliminate trifles, and stick to the things that must be done.

Every one has perhaps heard of the little boy who said—

"When Auntie came to visit,
A year ago or two,
She always knew exactly
What little boys should do.

Then mother dear would worry,
And daddy would get mad;
For though I tried the hardest
I always acted bad.

But Aunt no longer keeps us
On needles and on pins,
She lost a *lot* of wisdom
Since God sent her the twins."

Having the twins has made every thing seem different. I will say with Fanny Kilbourne, "Now when I see a girl or woman pushing a mere single baby carriage she seems like a carefree amateur with absolutely nothing on her brain but her marcel wave."

We have had three single children besides the twins, two girls, twelve and eighteen, and a boy sixteen. You see my husband has one more to help him in his work than I have, having three boys. If it were not for worrying about that insurrection Mark Twain tells about, I should like to add another girl to the family.

MY experience as a mother of twins is that it is much more comfortable and much easier to get your children in single than in double doses. But as it fell to my lot to get the double as well as the single, I'll say with the poet—

So let's put our arms around them,
Join in their fun and grief;
May God bless and keep our happy
Mad cap boys."

MRS. SUSAN PRINCE PRISBREY AND THREE PAIRS OF TWINS

Mrs. Prisbrey, a resident of Washington, Utah, is the mother of twelve children, eleven of whom are living. The three pairs of twins, in succession are the youngest, and they are all well and healthy. They are Rex and Max, age 8; Irene and Eugene, age 2; Merrill and Ferrill, age 6. The picture was taken when the babies were six months old.

Training the Health Habits of the Child

By Elna Miller, An Experienced Home Demonstration Agent Both in North Dakota and Utah

THERE is no bigger job in the world than that of being a parent. The good example and correct teaching of parents control much of the future of the child. The child comes into the world a mere "bundle of possibilities." This bundle is like a tiny bulb with the future plant within itself. We plant the bulb in good soil, give it plenty of sunshine, air, and water, and the plant unfolds. We put the tiny child into an environment surrounded with love and understanding, and out of this bundle of possibilities develops his personality.

PERSONALITY reflects environment. Habits of cheerfulness, self control, truthfulness, obedience, courtesy, courage, independence, sincerity, and love are just as contagious as scarlet fever and measles. So also are habits of jealousy, anger, fear, irritability, and rage.

Born entirely without habits, the child, if the training is begun early enough, just as easily learns good as bad habits. The child develops far more of his habits during his first five or six years than he does during any other five or six years of his life. Habits formed during the years before the child enters school affect him not only during this preschool period, but for the rest of his life. They affect alike his physical health, his mental and emotional attitudes, his social relationships, and his spiritual well being.

During this period the child must learn that the health game, like every other game, has its rules. He must learn to play the health game by forming good habits of exercise and play, of fresh air and sunshine, adequate sleep and re- proper selection of food, cleanline of mind and body.

IN helping the child to form d sirable habits, a few points in t psychology of habit should be co sidered. The first essential for an habit formation is the practice c that habit. The child's attitude ha much to do with successful hab formation, and the conditions su rounding the child largely determin his attitude. Mere repetition of th desired habit will not form th habit; it must be repetition with suc cessful results. The child learns th thing that he practices with succes When the habits he practices resul in failure, he does not learn them Practice with satisfaction builds while practice with annoyances tear down.

This does not mean that the chil needs to form habits for doing onl the things that are pleasant to do He must learn also to do som things that seem disagreeable t him. In teaching the child to fac the disagreeable things, we mus help him to build up proper interest we should let him understand the reasons why such things must be done rather than to enforce blind obedience.

REWARDS and punishments al ways enter into the process of habit formation. The task which the child is given to do must be within his power of accomplishment. It must not be so hard that he cannot achieve success, nor so easy that failure is not possible. When a child performs his task successfully, he should be given credit for the act.

Praising the child teaches him to want to do things right. Credit and praise for things well done give better results than punishment for things wrongly done.

Credit and praise, when given the child, should not be in the form of rewards or pay; the successful accomplishment of the task should be its own reward. Bribes made to the child encourage bargaining. Rewards distract the attention from the task itself, thereby cheapening it. On the other hand, punishments that afford revenge for the parents—as most punishments do—or those that tend to frighten the child, do not achieve their purpose. The parent rather than the child is not infrequently the one who should be punished.

PUNISHMENT should help the child to act and think better; it should never tend to break his spirit; but should so educate and train him that he derives no satisfaction from a repetition of the offense. Physical punishment is rarely necessary. Its main value lies in making the child feel inferior because he loses his sense of honor and self respect. No child should ever be made to feel inferior. A sense of inferiority is often increased by calling attention to his faults by shaming or belittling him. The child is profoundly responsive to suggestion. If he is told that he is a spoiled or a bad child, he soon feels the need of acting the part suggested.

The child will have less difficulty in learning desirable habits if those concerned in his training are consistent in their demands of him. One should not follow one policy one day and another one the next. The child must learn that "no" always means "no," that "yes" means "yes."

AGREEMENT between the father and mother is essential. Parents should agree on the course to be followed and should never discuss their differences before the child. Neither should they make threats that they do not intend to carry out. Inconsistencies such as these not only undermine the child's stability but make him lose confidence in his parents.

Threats are the most useless and harmful of all appeals made to the child. They either control him by terror, which is bad for the child, or they result in an utter disregard of any of the threats because he soon learns that none of the promised happenings take place. Before any threat is made, one should stop and think whether or not he intends to carry out that threat. An unfulfilled promise means to the child one more degree of confidence lost in the one who makes the promise.

HABIT training goes on more smoothly when positive rather than negative methods are used. If "don't" were a less common word, the child's life would be happier, and his reaction towards correct habits more wholesome. This does not mean that no restrictions should be put on the child. It is far better to let him know what he can do, suggesting substitutes for the wrong thing, rather than to use the negative method of always putting "don't" in the child's pathway.

Dr. Alexander McKean, director of the Utah county health unit, in a lecture at the B. Y. U. summer school at Aspen Grove, paid high tribute to the Relief Society organizations of the L. D. S. Church. He declared that through the cooperation of the members and officals of this organization, preventive medicine has made more rapid progress in this State than in many others.

A Mother's Reverie

By LuRena H. Johnson

My darling child, so sweetly sleeping,
I stand beside thee, my whole soul weeping;
In penitence and grief I bow
For scolding you, my dear, just now,
For what you did, but did not know
I did not wish to have it so.

In haste I must not censure you
For little things that you may do;
But gently guide, so gently teach,
In such a way your soul to reach.
I want that you should trust in me
And feel you have my sympathy
And love, so that you will care
Your inmost soul with me to share.

I plead with Him, who oft must be
Ashamed much and grieved for me,
To give me strength, to give me power
Over myself, that from this hour,
In haste, from me, no unkind word
By you, my child, may e'er be heard.

A Double Barreled Paper-Doll Education

By Elsie Talmage Brandley

WHEN a mother has one child she may be heard to sigh periodically and murmur, "However should I do with two?" When the next arrives she gets along with the twain nicely, and continues to demand to know whatever she would do with three—and so on. I know whereof I speak, for it happens that my twelve best friends of school days—our 'gang' —are all married, and average several children apiece; and every one wonders how she ever could manage with one more than she now has.

What to Do For Six Girls

NOW, as our first child was twins, I began by asking whatever I should do with three, and it was not so long until my panic-stricken inquiry was answered, and I found it almost as simple a matter to feed, bathe, and love three as it had been two. Then the fourth arrived, and the fifth; and now the faithful old basinet was harboring the sixth—half a dozen girls! but some time ago I ceased asking an imaginary, non-responsive cradle what I should do with more. I found myself too completely occupied answering trouble-mixed questions such as "Mother, what can we do now?" which were tossed at me several times hourly.

At first my suggestions were impromptu and casual. "Darling, here is a pencil. You may draw rabbits." Or "Play in the sandbox awhile," or "How would you like to swing?" These delightful ideas were seized upon with avidity, carried out in unbelievably short periods of time, but always followed by the chronic, "Mother, what shall we do next?"

Gradually, after a few years of this, I began to suspect that I was delinquent in this matter. There must be more thought devoted to the activities of my four cherubs—(the fifth still loved the sandpile, and the sixth demanded nothing more than her own adorable toes for entertainment). So I began to search my brain and every book to which I had access, for games and busy work with lasting qualities.

Sewing, Hiding Peanuts, Collecting Leaves

FIRST we tried sewing. It worked beautifully for a week, and then it ceased to be a game. It was like wiping dishes—something that Mother did when she was busy, and thus it became incontestably work. We planned a daily and weekly schedule of things to do; but half the time it did not please some of the girls, and the other half the time it did not please the rest of them and the old refrain of "Mother, what would be nice for us to do next?" went on with maddening regularity. We hid peanuts all over the yard, and sent the girls in search of them, but every nut had been discovered within a quarter of an hour — even the two in the hose nozzle. I gathered twenty kinds of leaf from plants in the garden, and sent them out to match each one and tell the captain which bush produced which leaf. That game was far more successful. It lasted thirty-five minutes, and the next thing I heard was "Mother, that was fun. Won't you come out and play it with us?"

Shades of ironing, vegetables to prepare, and stockings to darn! Imagine a woman with six children taking time to go out and play!

But I did play, and I do play; and in between times I have more time for the socks, and the vegetables, and the ironing, and even manage to get some reading done and a few extra stitches in, not to mention a bit of office work.

The Game of the Paper Dolls

IT all came about in a most ordinary way. Racking my brains as usual one summer day, the memory of a bygone paper-doll drifted through my mind, the 18-inch waists and Merry Widow hats of the ladies undimmed in their glory. I had loved paper-dolls in my little-girlhood; I had spent hours at a time playing with them; I had not needed frequent and varied suggestions as to what I might do.

What if, through the law of heredity, it might be possible that my daughters would find in that pastime the same fascination? O, wondrous vista of freedom and peace, opening up ahead! Perhaps the four of them would spend hours at a time in this pursuit, untroubled as to what they could do next!

I flew to town and purchased a fashion book, full of lady paper-dolls (which would be the mother) and other paper dolls of all sizes (which were to be her children of all ages). Home again I flew, again feverish with enthusiasm, to launch the project which was calculated to provide for me uninterrupted eras of leisure and surcease from planning things to play.

Something intuitive made me wait until the psychological moment. No need to stop the current game of tiddley-winks—it would stop itself soon enough;—and in the past they had seemed slightly suspicious of activities to which I led them with much fervor. They thought I must be having guests in the evening, and working up to the ultimatum that they go to bed early. So I bided my time—or their time—and it was twenty minutes before there fell upon my ears the familiar "Mother, we've played seven games of tiddley-winks, and Joyce can't ever get them in the cup. What shall we do now?"

A Piece of Mother-Strategy

CALMLY, casually I made reply. "I have a book of paper dolls, girls. Would you like to play? I used to love it when I was a little girl, and Grandma was my Mother."

Relationships were always intriguing.

"When we have little girls will you be their Gramma?"

"Yes, dear."

"And will Daddy be their Grampa?"

"Yes, dear."

"But they won't have any uncles, 'cause we are all girls, will they?" Plainly the paper-doll idea was being sidetracked.

"Perhaps we may have a little brother some day, who can be their uncle. We'll see. Now shall we look into this paper-doll business? We'll pretend that the faces of the ladies are all the same, and each costume is simply another dress for the same person. For instance, you pick out all the paper dolls which look about twelve years old, and play each one is a dress for your twelve-year old paper-doll child, do you see?"

Mother Must Play Too

IT sounds fun, Mother, but won't you play with us just at first?"

Clearly it was up to me to devote an afternoon to the gentle art of teaching a new game. I could mend

the brown coat, clean the ice-chest, wash the honey off the piano keys, sort the laundry and phone about the curtains tomorrow.

"All right, I'll play with you. Come on."

"Oh, that'll be nice, Mother. We love to play grown-people's games, don't we girls?"

Ardent replies in the affirmative.

That was the beginning of my education. They liked playing something which had in it enough of merit to interest Mother. The fact that I seemed so engrossed in it, lifted it out of the baby class.

I put that down in my mental notebook, with the footnote, 'Never let them suspect that your joy in paper-dolls is in the least feigned.'

While this mechanical duty of cutting the dolls out was being discharged, I instructed the enchanted group in the technique of the new and ravishing occupation.

Do What Real People Do

WE will each have a whole family, and have them do all the things that real families do. They all get up in the morning, help with the work, go to school, have parties, play together, and have all sorts of fun. It doesn't matter if all the ladies don't have faces alike; we play they are all mothers. People sometimes look different from other times, you know. All the dresses we aren't using, we'll play are in the clothes closet. Besides the mother, we'll each have a girl about sixteen, one about fourteen, one ten, one seven, a boy about four, and a baby in long clothes. All the paper dolls which look as though they were about that age we'll have for each one's clothes. Won't it be lovely?"

After all were cut out we selected our names. Betty's was a Cannon family, Barbara's a Parry family, Norma's a Talmage family, and Joyce's were Smiths. Sherman was the name I chose, and our homes were units in the design of the living room rug.

I began. "Brrr-rr," I trilled, (in behalf of the Sherman alarm clock) and then speaking for the Mother, "Can it be time to get up? I was having such a lovely sleep that I can scarcely believe that seven o'clock is here. I must hurry and start my little people off for the day. They mustn't be late for school. Every one wants to have a perfect record for attendance and punctuality, so I must do my part."

The four daughters caught on at once. Already they were having their paper doll mothers arise and get the machinery of their various domains started for the day, and were finding great relish in doing the talking for all the members. (One nice thing about these paper-doll families is that it is a physical impossibility for more than one to be talking at a time.) I noticed that they were saying almost exactly what I said. That gave me an idea which I jotted down into my notebook. It was this: *Help the children to have their paper dolls talk and act as real children should, not as they do. This will help them to cultivate the habits of correct language and actions, which is bound to have an effect on them.*

Model Table Manners and Etiquette

AT that time the notebook was in my brain, but since then I have secured a real one, and transferred into it these observations.

My paper doll mother continued. "Breakfast is almost ready, Kiddies. Are you ready for it?"

"Yes, Mother dear." I replied, voicing the sentiments of my paper-doll children.

During the course of the Sher-

man breakfast, one or two splendidly suggestive remarks were made, (by the doll family, of course). "Mother, how lovely to have prunes again!" And graham toast and cereal is my favorite breakfast."

Then my mother expressed herself. "Carol, you make me very happy, for you never put your elbows on the table any more; and Gwen, your hands are so clean they fairly sparkle. Neil, I'm sure that there never was a better behaved boy than you are, for you never put too much in your mouth at once, and you always remember to say 'please' and 'thank you'." The emphasis was painful.

Then I began to listen to my real daughters. Each in her own corner was getting her little family launched on the day's activities. I noted with exultation that they were all having model breakfasts—pressing prunes and cereal and graham toast upon the children of their respective families with most fervent enthusiasm, and their several children greeted these offerings with equally ardent expressions of delight. They all appeared overwhelmed at the enormity of the privileges thus accorded them.

Habits Gained Through Play

IT was here that the possibilities of this little play began to unfold before my vision. Perhaps I could teach my little daughters little desirable habits and truths via the paper-doll method without subjecting the girls themselves to the unpleasantness of feeling themselves in the limelight. The lives of their paper dolls undoubtedly would firmly impress themselves upon the planners of these lives, and my duty lay clear before me. Plainly I must devote a few afternoons to getting them started along the right paths.

And so it began. The children of our paper-doll families went to school on time without being reminded, joyously faced spinach, coddled eggs, and apple sauce for lunch, played together after school with nary a word of disagreement, joyously faced beef broth, carrots and custard for supper, and before going to bed expressed to their mother their unbounded appreciation of her generosity in providing food, mending clothing, and generally being so sweet and long-suffering, while the paper-doll mother responded with assurances of her happiness in living in a home free from quarreling and selfishness, where every child always remembered to brush teeth, wash hands, brush hair, and hang all clothing neatly in place before retiring, and without being reminded.

The first afternoon was a rapturous affair. My kiddies were ecstatic over the new play, and I could see ahead of me flocks of silver linings. Teaching them would be a great pleasure, for in this plan they would not realize that there was teaching going on, and consequently would feel no distaste for the truths being thus subtly instilled.

"Mother," they wailed in chorus when I arose, stiff and aching from that corner of the living room which to me will always be the Sherman corner, "must we stop?"

"Yes, indeed, for today, but we'll play again tomorrow if you like."

Thrilled "goody, goodies" from each attested her interest and gladness.

That evening I fancied that they partook of their beef broth, carrots, and custard (the paper doll menu had been planned with malice aforethought) with slightly less disdain than was their custom under those circumstances, but it was a bit too early to be certain. Positive was, however, that Betty caught her

self in time to refrain from talking with her mouth otherwise engaged, and that 'please' and 'thank you' had suddenly become almost oppressively prominent.

* * * * *

The Play Revealed the Personalities

IF it has taught them something, it is but a fraction of what I myself have been taught. In looking back, I marvel at my own stupidity in not foreseeing the possibilities in this direction; for if children need to learn of things from their mother, surely she has much greater need to learn of other things, from them.

It began with Betty. I noticed that her paper doll mother invariably expressed her feelings of pleasure with violent hugs and kisses. She talked like this: "Virginia dear, Mother was tickled to death to find the dishes done last night, when she hadn't even asked that you do them. Come to me and get a bear hug!" or "Edith, thank you for putting flowers in Mother's room. I must give you six kisses." Here followed the sound of kisses.

At first I attached little significance to these affairs, but gradually it crept into my consciousness that to Betty a demonstration of affection, such as she had her paper doll mother display, meant a great deal. My conscience twinged, for while I have bestowed very tender and motherly caresses o'mornings and at bedtime, I had to confess that it had not gone far beyond that.

I decided to experiment.

Each Child So Different

THAT very afternoon Betty came home from school with spelling and arithmetic papers marked 100%. We were accustomed to putting a dime in her bank for each 100% she scored, but this time I did not mention the dime. "Why, Betty dear, I'm so pleased and proud! I must give you a big kiss!" This I did, throwing rapturous arms about the child. When I let go, she was transfigured. Tears of joy were in her eyes, and her little voice quavered as she replied, "Mother, you've never done that before, just like that, and I've simply *longed* for you to."

A few days later, in Betty's absence, I accorded Norma the same mark of approval when she won the gold star for punctuality in school. She was unmoved, slightly annoyed, I think. "It's nice of you to be glad over the star, Mother," she said, "but you needn't act like that over it."

I was vaguely puzzled. If Norma didn't like that sort of thing, what did she like? What, to Norma, was a real reward? And to Barbara? And to Joyce?

To our game of paper dolls I went for answer to my query. It took some little time to get around to it naturally, but little by little, out it came. I found that Barbara always had her paper doll mother promise shopping trips to the children who behaved themselves most pleasingly; Norma's children were invariably given a choice of an afternoon at the library or a new book of their own; and Joyce's Smith children were plied with bars of milk chocolate. Not just once or twice did these things occur, and I was convinced that the constant repetition was not mere chance. These little girls of mine were too young to go far beyond their own horizons, and more and more sure I became that they were putting into the lives of their paper dolls the spirit and detail which, to them, constituted ideal family life.

If rewards could be classified in this way, punishments could too,

THE FOUR PAPER-DOLL EDUCATORS

perhaps—and they had always bothered me.

The Dark-Room Penalty Unwise

IN the dark ages the rather indifferent sentence of a half-hour in a dark room alone was passed upon all offenders for all misdemeanors of the medium kind, and it had not proved an unmixed success. Betty had always seemed repentant and tractable afterward, Barbara and Norma utterly unmoved, while Joyce was reduced to fury, in which she threw all throwable objects, bit everything which could be bitten, and pierced the proceedings with ear-splitting shrieks. I was heartily anxious to obtain any possible enlightenment on this subject, and to this end I introduced an independent paper doll character—a school friend—who tried at all times to egg the others on to mild misdeeds, for which our paper doll mothers had to administer punishment.

The paper doll children, I noticed, were punished as follows:

Betty's Cannon girl, for eating the pudding prepared for dinner, was put in a room alone for half an hour; Barbara's Mary had her new dress and beads confiscated and was reduced to the necessity of wearing her old clothes to Sunday School; Norma's Marion was forbidden to touch a book or magazine for an entire day; and Joyce's Natalie Smith had to forego her dessert for two meals. When all the paper-doll girls, at the instigation of their incorrigible paper school friend, went to the Gypsies to have their fortunes told, they were again put under the ban, and these same forms of punishment persisted. I reported progress to the Head of the House, and, acting upon his counsel and my own conviction, tried them out when next occasion presented itself.

Make the Penalty Fit the Girl

IT worked wonders and still does. Joyce no longer has tantrums—she is as meek as a lamb in the face of the danger of having no dessert. In every case the correction is effective when tried out upon the

daughter who tried it out on her paper doll.

For hours I could go on recording the findings of this little play of ours; there have been many instructive ideas innocently expressed by these children, which have given their mother a new slant on the workings of the little minds, and many of them have pointed the way toward a new viewpoint.

At first this game took a great deal of my time, but now that the first flush of novelty has worn off, and they are all on to the hang of the thing, they are content to let me spread my paper dolls about me and talk for the various members of my family, while I myself darn or sew buttons on. But if the time consumed had been seventy times seven as much, it would have been well worth while; for what doth it profit a mother of six if she keepeth her windows shiny, floors spotless and furniture polished, if she thereby loseth a chance to look into the hearts of her little daughters, and see there a glimpse of the loveliness which has been given into her keeping?

Wealth

By Pearl Ivie Stanford

Eight, six, four, and two;
I count my wealth by years—
The first a boy, and then a girl:
Just two of each, the dears!

Eight and four, my boys add time,
Each year a number more.
Six and two, my little girls
Are bringing up the score.

Oh, money is essential
For the things we buy, you know;
But for investments, nothing's quite
Like boys and girls to grow!

For learning to be happy
And learning to love health
There's nothing quite like boys and girls
By which to measure wealth!

CONTENTMENT

By Nona H. Brown

High perched upon my kitchen stool,
I wash so carefully
My dishes, for in his small bed
My son sleeps peacefully.

I softly hum beneath my breath
A happy little tune.
My baby looks so sweet asleep—
Oh, dear! I dropped a spoon.

He stirs and puckers up his mouth;
I gently shake his bed,
Then quickly stoop and lightly kiss
The top of his wee head.

His sweet-faced grandma tip-toes in;
She smiles and whispers low,
"I'm glad he's still asleep, the Pet!
Sleep does him good, you know."

The floor is swept, the dusting's done;
And now the dinner's on.
My little son wakes up and smiles—
Another morning's gone.

MY GIFT

By Nona H. Brown

Tiny son, so close to me,
All my heart in joy is dressed.
Happiness is mine so sweet,
Dearer than can be expressed.
God has been so good to me—
Thou art of all blessings best!

Baby fingers on my face,
Baby form against me pressed,
Tiny head against my arm,
Baby lips upon my breast,
Happiness as keen as pain—
Who, than I, can be more blessed!

Before the Baby Comes

By Ruth Partridge Richan, R. N.

PRENATAL care of the baby, or should I say the care of the mother before the arrival of the baby, is just as important as care after birth. A sensible attitude on the part of the prospective mother respecting prenatal care may save, in the long run, a great deal of money and suffering. The earlier this care begins, the better for the mother and the child.

As soon as you are suspicious that there is a baby coming, go to your doctor; or if you are not suspicious but just don't feel yourself, consult your doctor; or if anything unusual occurs, seek your doctor. This is good advice under any circumstances.

Your physician will then ascertain the condition of your kidneys, your blood pressure, and so on. If you live on a ranch or where it is impossible to keep in close touch with a physician, I advise you to study a modern book on prenatal care, and do your best to follow it.

LEAVING you now in the doctor's care, I will turn to the everyday, home side of the question.

If you are going to a hospital, your preparations will be very simple. If you want your baby to be born at home, and a great many women do, preparations will of course be more complicated.

If there is any reason why you should be in a hospital instead of at home, your doctor will say so. Don't be alarmed if he does. Birth is a natural thing, but that doesn't necessarily mean it is an easy or uncomplicated thing.

There is no reason any more, except on some occasions, for the old bugbear "morning sickness." There need be no nausea at any time of the day. It may be caused by several conditions, and can generally be alleviated by your doctor, if not entirely eliminated.

You may have some very queer food cravings, but satisfy them as long as they are not perversions of a normal appetite; eat anything you want. Nor is it necessary to eat more than usual. Do not attempt to "eat for two." No two women experience the same tastes. One may crave raw cucumbers with salt, another soda crackers. Personally I have found that soda crackers will stay down when nothing else will.

When things are normal, don't be afraid of moderate exercise. If you can't be on your feet, exercise lying down. Swelling feet are greatly relieved by wearing broad, low heeled shoes instead of slippers. I have known women to wear high boots and obtain comfort from them. They also lessen the danger of varicose veins.

DON'T stay at home and miss your accustomed good time with your friends. You need recreation as much as you ever did, and you don't look half as ridiculous as you think you do. A good pair of maternity corsets are a great help too. They make you look trim and neat, and improve your mental attitude. If you *feel* neat and trim, that is half of it. A good pair of maternity corsets are likely to be expensive, but they pay in the long run, being comfortable and efficient, while a cheap pair only aggravates things.

Discard your high heels. They can make you look more awkward and ungainly than anything. There is something stilted and ungraceful in the walk of even the most slender flapper in high heels, not to mention an expectant mother. Your back and abdominal muscles have enough to do at this time without adding to them the burden of an unnatural posture.

SHOULD your skin become discolored, don't be alarmed. It may do so and then again your complexion may be more beautiful than ever before. Castile soap (the genuine comes in bars a foot or so long and can be cut by a string) and olive oil make a very fine combination. If you are inclined to be nauseated, the odor of perfumed soaps and creams will be a great aggravation. There is no odor to genuine Castile soap or olive oil, and they are more efficacious than high priced patented toilet requisites.

Olive oil used as a cold cream makes a fine powder base. Also, rub your abdomen daily and well with olive oil. It relieves that drawn feeling of the skin.

I hope that in this day and age there no longer persists the old superstition of "marking babies." You can't do it. An all-wise Providence has made it impossible. Were this once general belief true, there wouldn't be a normal baby ever born.

WHAT your baby is to be, was determined before its parents were married—and long before. Neither can you make a poet out of it by reading poetry before it arrives, nor a musician by listening to music before it arrives, any more than you could make a blacksmith out of it by going daily to a boiler works and listening to the racket.

Look forward, then, to your baby without any hopes and longings for its worldly success, and likewise with no misgivings as to its worldly failure. You can't alter it one way or another except in your choice of a mate.

As for diet, when your nausea ceases, eat vegetables, fresh if possible. Drink freely of milk, and plenty of water. Generally it is more comfortable to eat little and eat often. In this way you avoid the feeling of stuffiness and short breath caused by a too full stomach.

CLEAN your teeth frequently, and rinse your mouth with any one of the alkaline mouth washes on the market. A solution of common bicarbonate of soda will serve. Your mouth will be inclined to taste sour or bitter and this adds to your general discomfort.

Keep your bowels open. If you must resort to cathartics, get your doctor's advice about the type to use. Exercise and bulky foods will aid greatly.

Get as much rest and sleep as you can. Lie down in the day time if only for a minute or two; stretch out and relax.

ABOUT the layette, I am not going to say much. It need not be large, and the nicest thing in it should be the christening robe. It is rather a nice thing to put away and keep until the expected child is grown, and then present it to him or her.

A clothes basket makes the best bed in the world for a tiny baby. It is easily cleaned, easily moved, and just as cute as can be. It should be equipped with a pillow for a mattress, covered with a rubber pillow case. A tiny down pillow for baby's head should have several washable slips of soft nainsook or linen. Ev-

erything should be washable. A woolen shawl of knit or crocheted yarn is a splendid thing to have. Have an abundant supply of clean white rags. Old linen tablecloths make especially fine towels and wash cloths for baby. A square of cloth put in the diaper and burned if soiled will save a lot of unpleasant laundry.

MAKE baby's little outing flannel nighties as simple as possible. They may be turned up under baby and kept dry. One a day is enough if this precaution is taken. Baby's bands should be made of white outing-flannel six to eight inches wide, torn straight across without hems. They are most easily put on when rolled like a legging.

Don't put anything all wool next to baby. It is irritating. Wool and silk things are much more comfortable. Don't put any lace around the necks of the little dresses. It is very likely to chafe baby's neck. Quilts of outing flannel are warm and washable, as everything pertaining to the bed should be.

THIS doesn't pretend to be a list of things—it is just a reminder or two of things likely to be forgotten.

And now I must close without mentioning a good many things I should, such as medical supplies, and so on; but I couldn't begin to cover the field in my limited space anyhow, so we'll not even touch on it. I do hope that this article has at least aroused your interest and curiosity to the point where you will investigate for yourself.

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L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

SALT LAKE CITY

Hospital Babies

By Harold L. Snow

AT the Latter-day Saints Hospital in Salt Lake City nearly an entire floor is devoted to mothers and babies. All of those babies have to be fed, bathed, put into nice little beds, and tended at all times with the greatest care.

If they didn't enjoy that kind of work, taking care of so many youngsters would be a tedious job for the nurses. It keeps them busy every minute of the day, because they sometimes have from thirty to forty "little bits of heaven" on their hands.

THE babies, kept most of the day by themselves, thrive in a big, well ventilated room at the north end of the ward. Just before it is time for the youngsters to have their dinners, some of them begin to cry. If the others aren't already awake, after hearing the crying of the first ones, they soon awaken. Already it is time to visit their mothers, so the nurses come along and load about ten babies at a time side by side on a truck, then wheel them down the hall to their respective mothers.

While the truck is moving, the babies, enjoying the ride, become very quiet. But when it halts outside one of the doors for the nurse to take one of the children in to its mother, all the others begin to cry again. Upon continuation of the journey they all again quiet down. But after all their "tummies" are full and the truck starts back for the baby-room, they are quiet. Even as the truck halts by the various doors, those babies that have their places on the truck are perfectly still—they are contented; and as soon as they are placed into their little beds, they go right off to sleep for several hours until mealtime rolls around again.

THE nurse who is supervisor of that part of the hospital, is there for just one reason: she enjoys that kind of work. She loves every one of those babies; and if one of them cries when it shouldn't, she knows that something is wrong. So she picks the youngster up in her arms, speaking to it with great tenderness and finds out just what is ailing it.

OH, we have the dearest baby up here!" she will say; and then she will point out a child that is but a few hours old, really looking to anyone else not a bit different from any other baby so young. But she can tell them all apart, and knows each one of them just as other people can distinguish between grown-ups. A wonderful thing it is, to be in charge of work so important.

MANY people wonder why the babies don't get mixed up, inasmuch as there are so many of them there together; but that would be next to impossible. Before a babe is placed in the room with the others, its footprint is recorded on a card which is filed away to be compared with another print of the same foot, to be made when the baby leaves the hospital for home. These are just as sure and accurate as are the fingerprints of adults. Besides this, a record of each child is kept in ink on a piece of adhesive tape stuck to the back of the child. At the hospital, therefore, no one need fear losing track of a single one of these interesting and important members of the human family.

Editor's Note: This article may be of interest at present. In addi-

tion to taking the baby's footprint, the L. D. S. Hospital takes the thumb-print of the mother on the same card. It would be a most extraordinary happening, if indeed it could happen at all, where such care is taken, if children were exchanged in any way.

Mother's Birthday

By Samuel G. Clawson

Today my heart is filled with song
Which trills and warbles in my throat;
Today my heart's a silver sea
Which carries tiny silver boats;
Today my heart's a tea-rose bower
Amid a fragrant sanctity;
My heart is richer than all these
Because my life was given me.

Today the world is tinged with gold
All red and flame and scarlet-flecked;
The crickets fiddle in the trees,
The world is holiday bedecked;
Today my song and joy run rife,
And I am thankful, for I see
The happiest birthday of my life
Because it gave my life to me.

Baby Mine

By Katharine C. McKay

When I first pondered on your coming, baby dear,
You did not seem a priceless gift to me,
A being sent from God that steadfastly,
With tiny hands, would ever draw me near
That wonder world, from which you carried here
Love, faith and trust, perfect simplicity.
But now whene'er your angel smile I see,
Whene'er your tender baby voice attracts my ear
I feel my bosom thrill—Oh joy supreme
To have you ever near me, to but feel
That you are always mine, that God does deem
Me worthy of his greatest gift. Dear little child, until
The ends of time, forever praising Him,
In grateful reverence at His feet I'll kneel.

Address of Appreciation

By President William A. Hyde, of Pocatello Stake

Given Sunday, June 22, 1930, after the Death of His Wife, Maria Reddish Hyde

(Mrs. Hyde was for ten years the president of the Relief Society of Pocatello Stake. She was born September 3, 1864, near Chesterfield, England, and died June 13, 1930. Her funeral was held June 16, 1930, on the forty-fourth anniversary of her marriage to President Hyde.)

FACED with the duty of saying something to the hundreds to whom I cannot speak individually, I take this means of reaching you here today, and perhaps through you, many others who are not present, and whom I cannot otherwise reach.

The last ten days have been very sorrowful ones for me, and yet, if such a contradiction be allowed, in a way they have been happy days. Through my experience I have learned much more of life than I had ever known before. I have learned how broad and universally inclusive is the brotherhood of man, for I have felt the friendship of a multitude. As a pilgrim, temporarily meeting with difficulty, hundreds have met me on the way, and not one but that has given me some degree of comfort. Out of this mass of sympathy, who could attempt to choose the best or most satisfying? The iceman on his rounds, who stood with bowed head in the sacred presence; the rich-hearted old gentleman who brought us a dozen sugared doughnuts, early, for our breakfast; the gentle-voiced women who brought the sandwiches and cakes, and those who cooked the splendid meal for our friends who live a hundred miles away, that they might endure their long night ride; and the many who expressed themselves in the universal language of flowers; and those who sang so inspirationally, were all alike showing respect and giving love and comfort. Money values are lost here—this is the golden coinage of the heart. Strong men said to me, "I have not the words to tell you how I feel." What need of words when one can read the mind, for there is a magic communication in the pressure of a hand!

I HAD once thought that it was a natural thing to fear and hate Death, but now that I know him better, I think that I may almost come to love him. He was pictured to me as a stern-faced old man, who wielded his scythe, cutting down without pity. Now I know him to be different. I see him as a strong, silent, majestic angel, with a face of infinite compassion. He turns away his head while he cuts the cord of life, and then he lingers, and with artistic hands, molds the mortal face to the radiant image of the waiting spirit, and then together they depart. He is not the angel of death—he is the angel of life, for now they pass from under the clouds of earth, into the light of eternal day!

And Death is a great leveler—he makes all men and women alike before him, and in his presence, if nowhere else, we sense a common humanity.

And Death is a great restorer, for tears wash out the dry courses of our hearts, and renew our arid lives.

And Death is a great cleanser, for

when a cruel memory brings back thoughtless acts, and inexcusable omissions, he gives us repentance, and our sins are washed away.

And Death is a great revealer, for he brings back the past, and unfolds it before us, and we see many little hidden things that we never discerned before, and amidst the trash of our lives we find a jewel now and then.

And Death is a great preserver, and keeps as one would keep a priceless gem, all beauty and all excellence, and brings them now to show us. From him we learn again of the great law which reads that virtue, and nobility, and truth, and sweetness are everlasting—they cannot pass away; so we see that in the end, all is truth and beauty.

ONE thing that I have learned these days is that our individual tributes become almost universal. Not in kind, perhaps, but in degree, what was said of the departed may be said of many who heard the words. All in some way may be sacrificing for righteousness sake. All in some way may be pursuing the road she traveled; so of eulogy we may truly say, here is enough and to spare, receive back some that you have given—it is a mantle that the departed cannot use, and it comes to you by right—wear it. He who has been a comforter has now been comforted, and he who comforts now may sometime in like manner receive the comfort of a friend.

AS I think of my companion, now I assuredly know, if I never knew before, that "man is not without the woman in the Lord," and that we men of the Priesthood, who have knelt by the altar with these women, ought "to love them with a love that is more than love," for we may come to the place in due time where they will be out of our lives except through a stronger bond than that of earthly covenants.

One little message the departed would have left, I am sure, if she could have spoken it. It was the burden of her counsel to me. Said she, in effect, there are many *little* things to do every day; why wait for big things? they may never come. Why write a book—better write a letter to a missionary. "Of the writing of books there is no end," while of individual ministrations between man and his fellow man there is scarcely a beginning. In her theory, life was made up of little things, little remembrances, little attentions. She was transported almost to heaven when you brought her a rose bud. She wanted to be loved a little all the time, not once in a while with great show, and most women, and men, too, I think, are like that. Is not that the true philosophy, for after all is it not love in the ultimate that we are seeking? Is it not the great end—that we may have perfect love? What we do in the line of our Church duty day after day is only to bring us to the place where we can love our neighbors as ourselves, for upon this, and the first commandment "to love the Lord," "hang all the laws and the prophets."

So, my people, companions in the service and in the ministry, today while my heart is warm and tender, I say these things, lest soon in the turmoil of life the fountain of speech be closed to gentle utterance, and such words be denied me.

Adult Education

By Jean Cox, State Department of Education

ADULT education has made more progress in the last decade than any other phase of education. This movement tends to equalize educational opportunity for all. With the momentum already gained, increased attention will center around the possibility and advisability of various kinds of education for grownups. An immense amount of adult education, informal in nature, is going on now. Service clubs for men offer opportunity for instruction through lectures and discussion in different fields. The immense growth and development of the women's club movement from the very earliest one in 1866, has shown the eager desire and interest of millions of women who are organized not only for self-improvement, but also for group improvement. They are earnest, conscientious, and persistent in their desire to keep abreast. Perhaps the slogan best representing their attitude is "We ourselves need more education. Let's plan to keep after it." They are anxious for further growth and are willing to strive for it.

Libraries offer another means of adult education which gives evidence and convincing proof that the average intelligent American man and woman are not, intellectually speaking, static and inert. The increase in the number of libraries, as well as the large number of books which are passed over the country, has shown that many people desire good books. One of the interesting comments from libraries is that some of the most popular books are not fiction.

Another big educational force is the parent teacher movement. Through the wisdom and skill of the national organization a distinct progress has been made in a better understanding of the child. It has also paved the way for better relationships of the educational triangle, the home, the school, and the child.

Affiliated religious organizations have also contributed much to the education of adult members. These have offered not only opportunity for religious-social leadership, but also for educational-social leadership. Where the opportunity is such as to bring out the best effort of its members, there are almost endless possibilities for organized as well as semi-organized instruction for the members of the various groups.

OUR standards for educational endeavor have also changed rapidly. The requirement for the four year high school or normal course, which was a difficult attainment in 1900, has been extended. The degrees of bachelor of arts or science, and master of science and arts are now considered almost necessary for any kind of leadership in teaching, business, or industry. Many universities now have more graduate students than the total previous enrollment. These opportunities for youth have stimulated parents to make the most of educational possibilities for themselves.

The nation-wide interest in child welfare has made parents conscious of their need for careful study. The scientific aspect of child nutrition and training has opened up new fields of study for intelligent parents. Study clubs, lectures, radios, and correspondence courses have

been satisfactory means of stimulating interest in this new subject.

Education at any age is necessary for intelligent living in this changing world. Persons of leisure become interested in new endeavors. People who work for their living find that additional training in relation to their work is almost essential for promotion. No individual over twenty-five years of age and up to seventy need fear that intellectual life is finished and that self-effort is useless.

God's Gift

By Lula Wilson Bowler

I know thou sent her, Father dear,
This tiny, helpless thing.
She came to us from thine own home
True love and joy to bring.
And as the days and weeks passed by,
Her bright blue, laughing eyes,
Her smiling lips and calm sweet face
And actions, oh, so wise—
All these and many other things
Her little life combined
To fill our home with happiness
Our hearts with love entwined.
And when twelve months had passed away
She toddled, oh so sweet.
As cautiously she moved about
We watched her little feet.
She seemed so wonderful, so dear,
This baby clasped upon my breast,
To feel her little arms and lips
In "hugs and kisses"—ah, how blest!

Thou was't not sent to cheer the throng
Thou dainty lily pure.
But in the hearts of those thou loved
Thy memory dwells secure.
Our Father only let thee stay
'Till thou most perfect did appear;
Then in his wisdom called thee home,
For sin and woe awaited here.

And now I would not thee recall
E'en though my heart at times would break.
"My Father knows," his will is best;
In trouble he doth not forsake.
And so with hope we'll struggle on
Nor doubt that you are waiting there
To greet us with your loving smile—
When we are through this life of care.

"The Universe Around Us"–Sir James Jeans

By Lais V. Hales

OF late much has been written and spoken of the relationship of science and religion. Broadminded people sense the value of both and feel no enmity between them. The scientist, as he surveys the universe, sets down what he finds. He gives us the message which his telescope discloses and we must decode it. This is where religion enters in. To all of us the nightly rising and setting of the stars and planets provides evidence that beyond the confines of the earth lies an unknown universe built on a far grander scale.

In his preface to *The Universe Around Us,* Sir Jeans states that "we may well admit that science cannot at present hope to say anything final on the questio nof human existence or human destiny, but this is no justification for not becoming acquainted with the best it has to offer." The twentieth century scientist provides not the final truth about man and the universe but a step in that direction. Through his efforts the last three centuries have seen our conception of the universe change almost beyond description but we have not been brought appreciably nearer to understanding the relation of this life to the universe. Without the aid of religion we can still only guess as to the meaning of life, which, to all appearances is so rare. Somehow, but we know not how or why, life is here.

IN *The Universe Around Us,* Sir Jeans shows us what the universe is like through the colossal new telescopes. Sir Jeans is an authority of world-wide reputation. His ideal in writing his book has been to make the entire book intelligible to readers with no special scientific knowledge and he has succeeded well with but a few exceptions. He discusses with simplicity and honesty, untouched by melodrama, such fascinating things as the past and future of the earth, the duration of life, the possibility of life in other worlds, the future of the sun and stars which surround us. Sir Jeans has been touched by the romance and poetry of big things and this feeling is brought to us. The book takes us away from the every-day trivialities, and helps us find respite from "the long littleness of life." It is the reading of such books as this that gives us vision and perspective and a relative importance of things. The subject Sir Jeans has chosen is big but he is honest and essentially clear and the result is a classic of scientific exposition —*The Universe Around Us.*

Sir Jeans offers no theory as to the origin of life. Gradually the earth assumed a condition suited to the advent of life, which finally appeared, he knows not how, whence or why. The old view that every point of light in the sky represented a possible home for life he casts aside. Only a small corner of the universe can be in the least suited to form an abode for life. There is no definite evidence of life, and certainly no evidence of conscious life, on Mars—or, indeed, anywhere else in the universe.

Every year that passes witnesses a levelling of the earth's surface. Soil which was high up on the

slopes of hills and mountains last year has now been washed down to the bottoms of muddy rivers by the rain and is continually being carried out to sea. The Thames alone carries between one and two million tons of soil out to sea every year. For how long will England last at this rate, and for how long can it have already lasted. Sir Jeans estimates that the earth is about 1400 million years old, yet the earth's life is only a moment in the lives of the stars.

THERE is no known instrument which can make a star look anything but a mere point of light for it is so far away. The farthest star is so far away that the light which started on its long journey from it to us somewhere about the time when primeval man first appeared is just now reaching us. "Through the childhood, youth and age of countless generations of men, through the long, prehistoric ages, through the slow dawn of civilization and through the rise and fall of dynasties and empires, this light has traveled steadily on its course, covering 186,000 miles every second, and is only just reaching us now.

Because of the immense distance the stars are away from the universe they appear steadfast. John Keats, in his famous sonnet, voiced this thought poetically—

"Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft at night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores——"

The stars fail to show any appreciable change in a century. The nearest star is 25,000,000 million miles away. As they age, time leaves its mark, its wrinkles and its grey hairs by which we estimate their age. They decrease in weight and in luminosity. The majority of stars in space are smaller, cooler, and fainter than the sun. A star "may be idealized as a solitary body, alone in endless space, which continually pours out radiation and receives nothing in return."

ALL energy which makes life possible on earth we can trace back to the sun. We may think of our sun as a vast storehouse of bottles of energy which have lain in storage for millions of millions of years. It has radiated light and heat for 7 or 8 million million years and still has enough left to provide light and heat for millions of millions of years yet to come. For this light and heat the sun is dependent on nothing but its own resources; "it is a ship on an empty ocean."

Sir Jeans states in his last and finest chapter of the book that the "universe cannot go on forever." With universes as with mortals, the only possible life is progress to the grave. Findings of science make it clear that the universe cannot have existed forever. We owe everything to the sun. It radiates light and heat and any body which is emitting radiation is necessarily losing weight. Weight is streaming away from every square inch of the sun's surface at the rate of about a twentieth of an ounce a century. The sun is so large that this means that as a whole it is losing weight at the rate of over four million tons a second, or about 250 million tons a minute. Thus, the sun is losing 360,000 million tons a day and 131 million million tons a year. The

time will eventually come when it can no longer radiate. Sir Jeans pictures that world so different from our own.

SOME twelve centuries ago, human life was compared in poetic simile to the flight of a bird through a warm hall in which men sat feasting, while the winter storms raged without. For a brief moment the bird was safe from the tempest but immediately passed from winter to winter. So man's life appeared for a little while, but of what is to follow, or what went before, we know nothing.

Man
only knowing
Life's little lantern between dark
and dark

wishes to probe further into the past and future than his brief span of life permits.

"What," asks Sir Jeans, "will happen after the years of radiation of the sun are at an end?" Is the universe doomed to destruction, and must it dissolve away? The solid earth and the eternal hills—will they melt away as surely, although not as rapidly, as the stars?

The cloud-capped towers, the
gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great
globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall
dissolve,
And . . . leave not a rack be-
hind.

In reviewing a book of this type the best a reviewer can do is to create interest in others to read the book. He cannot tell enough of the theories and thoughts of the book to link them up clearly with the logical conclusions reached by the author. The book is intensely interesting, beautifully and authoritatively written, and possesses the tonic qualities of a cold shower. A faith founded on knowledge such as this book expounds can better withstand the sorrows of life.

Did You Know

By Ellen B. Richardson

Dear little babe,
With your mother's eyes,
And a dimple just made to kiss,
Did you know—
When you left your heavenly home,
How much joy
You would bring to this?

Notes from the Field

THE inspiration of the anniversary year of the Church is in evidence from the "Notes from the Field" in all parts. The observance of this sacred event was general in the stakes of the Church.

Utah Stake:

1930 was also the 88th anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society. At the Utah Stake celebration there was, an attendance of over 700; therefore, it is not surprising to report a "gala" afternoon. As the guests entered the festive hall, with its bower of white and yellow, their smiles and warm hand clasps were returned by the long line of stake officers and ward presidents. The program opened with spirited singing by the congregation. Prayer by General Board Member Inez K. Allen. Trio, "Coming of Spring." Words of greeting by President Achsa Paxman were figuratively speaking lighted up by the 88 yellow candles burning on an elaborate white birthday cake. Sister Jennie B. Knight of the General Board brought greetings from the President, Louise Y. Robison. The one-act play, "Soul Mates," contributed to the entertainment and reflection of an eager audience. The stunt program followed on scheduled time and with unusual pep:

1. Silent picture revealed Joseph Smith giving the keys, and the growth of the work up to date, culminating in motherhood glorified through Relief Society work.

2. Scotch Lassies with harmonica band.

3. Eliza R. Snow writing "Oh My Father."

4. Misfortunes of a Relief Society sister taking her Sunday eggs to "Help the cause along."

PRESENTATION AT UTAH STAKE ANNUAL DAY

5. Story told in rhyme and acted by 21 sisters, telling of overcoming difficulties in Relief Society work on the way to their goal—"success."

6. An officers' meeting 100 years hence. Imagination was not cramped. The judges, believing in a forward look, gave decision here.

7. Two sisters of 30 years' experience lead out. "Love to serve" was beautifully portrayed.

8. "Health and Beauty," 10 years hence through Social Activity.

9. "The Last Quilting," where all finally yield to these "new fangled ideas."

Refreshments followed, during which President J. Wm. Knight of the Stake Presidency entertained, speaking words of appreciation for Relief Society work and the privilege of being there.

Sister Alice L. Reynolds, of the General Board, gave a final touch to a glorious day.

The above picture shows one of the presentations on the program of the Utah Stake Annual Day. It tells the story of the Lord, through his prophet, Joseph Smith, presenting the keys of enlightenment to all womankind, in the organizing of the Relief Society on March 17, 1842. Eighty-eight years of growth finds the Spirit of Truth (theology), Culture (literature), Progress (special activity), Service (Social Service), and Peace (work of visiting teachers), all smiling as multitudes pluck fruit from the branches of the Relief Society tree. The most luscious fruit of all their plucking is the gift of Motherhood.

Los Angeles Stake:

THE Los Angeles stake Relief Society held its third Annual Picnic at Bixby Park, Long Beach, California, June 13, 1930, with 601 members in attendance.

The honored guests of the day were all members over 70 years of age; special places were reserved for them at the tables and during the program. Badges were presented them, indicating their respective ages. Luncheon was served at 12 o'clock noon, each ward decorating its own table. This was followed by a program consisting of musical numbers, dances and pageants contributed by members of the various wards, and in which a number of our honored guests participated. The presence of Sister Mamie Stark was appreciated, and her pleasing contribution to the program added much.

Practical, though very beautiful were the prizes awarded to the following guests of honor: the oldest man, who was 87 years of age; the oldest woman, who was 85 years of age; the couple who had been married longest, 55 years; mother of 15 children; father of 16 children; the earliest pioneer, who came to Utah in 1851; the longest continuous resident of California, who had lived here 49 years; one who had held membership in the Church 83 years; one with 117 posterity; the youngest guest of honor, whose 70th birthday was June 5, 1930.

The annual June picnics have been so successful that they are anticipated each year with great joy and there is a splendid spirit of cooperation existing in all wards of the stake.

Beaver Stake:

HEALTH conferences for children of pre-school age are being held, with the help of local doctors, and the follow-up work is well taken care of. Each Relief Society held a ward conference in 1929. The Happy Hour, or Sunshine Committee, organized in some of the larger wards, is doing a great deal in various ways to bring happi-

ness into the lives of the aged, homebound and afflicted. Before the close of the vacation in 1929, the ward Relief Society choirs throughout the stake, and other workers, had a very enjoyable outing at Hanging Rock Park, in the Minersville Canyon, under the direction of the stake Relief Society chorister. After lunch was served to nearly 200 people, a program was rendered in the pavilion and some time given to a singing practice on new selections in the Relief Society song book, followed by games and dancing.

On the 17th of March, the Relief Societies of the Beaver wards celebrated conjointly. The West Ward presented a pageant, portraying some of the special features of the work accomplished by each of the General Presidents of the Relief Society. The East Ward gave a one act play, "A Mother's Love."

Expressions of appreciation for the *Relief Society Magazine* are often heard from the women, as they are realizing more fully as time goes on, the great value of the important courses of study and other reading matter given therein, and the great effort being put forth by those who are sharing in the various responsibilities of its publication.

Wayne Stake:

THE largest Relief Society conference ever held in Wayne stake convened at Bicknell, Utah, July 15, 1930, under the direction of the Stake Board of Relief Society. President Mary A. Brinkerhoff presided. There were at the sessions, all members of the stake presidency, Wm. F. Webster, Geo. W. Okerlund and Geo. T. Eckersley, also High Counselors Willard D. Brinkerhoff and R. Arthur Meeks, and President of the High Priest quorum, Wm. H. Morrell. Five ward presidents, 5 secretaries and 15 counselors to the presidents were present, and all special activity committees, and all wards and branches were represented except Hanksville, which lies in the eastern part of the stake, 90 miles from the county seat.

There were two sessions of conference held, one at 10 o'clock and the other at 2 o'clock. A delicious luncheon was served at the noon hour to 225.

Topics treated were: "The Relief Society as an Education," "The Value of Work and Business Meeting to the Organization," "The Value of the Literary Lesson," and "Prophecies of the Book of Mormon." Excellent musical numbers were furnished by each ward and branch. The Stake Priesthood Presidency spoke on the growth of the Relief Society, and gave appreciation for the excellent program and luncheon which were enjoyed by all present.

There were present several of the pioneer Relief Society workers who are nearing 90 years of age, Sarah Meeks, of Bicknell, and V. Leah Blackburn of Loa. These pioneers have been Relief Society workers for more than half a century, and lent dignity and spirit to the conference.

California Mission (San Luis Obispo Branch):

THE Relief Society organization of the San Luis Obispo Branch are certainly to be congratulated in their splendid effort in behalf of the new Church erected in this little sea-coast town. Organized August 28, 1927, this little group of women immediately undertook to do their share in raising funds for the new Spanish-type church building, to which the entire community now points with pride.

RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY OF SAN LUIS OBISPO BRANCH

Mrs. May Thornton Glines (center) was the first president of the original Relief Society, and her counselors were, Mrs. Radie Anderson Sullivan (left), and Mrs. Lydia Lee Hausey (right). Under the leadership of these three officers, the women conducted a series of bazaars, dinners, beach picnics and other entertainments which proved popular events, not only with the church members, but also with residents of the community.

The results of their efforts, combined with the whole-hearted support of the other saints, was the erection of the church which now serves as headquarters for their branch organization. Their goal reached, the women did not suspend efforts, but have continued, through their Relief Society, to assist in every way the progress of the Latter-day Saints in central California.

Good News for Baby

What is the important news of the day, anyway? Perhaps this little item from Washington ought to qualify: The children's bureau of the department of labor announces that a baby born in 1928 has just twice the chance of living his first year out and attaining a normal , healthy childhood than had the baby of 1912. The spread of medical care to people that formerly had to go without and the increase in skill of surgeons and nurses are doubtless largely responsible. But whatever the reason, the mere fact itself is one of great importance.—*New York Telegraph.*

Suggestions for Work and Business Day Programs

THESE are merely suggestions and it is optional with the stakes and wards as to whether or not they use them.

All suggestions given have been tried in the stakes and reported successful.

There are five things we should like kept in mind by those in charge of the work day:

1. That varieties of work be provided so that all may participate.

2. That there be a social value to the meetings and that opportunity be given for informal greetings and conversation.

3. That some sewing be done for the needy, or to increase the funds that may be used to help others, or to provide clothing at a low cost to those who cannot afford to pay the full price.

4. That well thought out plans be made by ward and stake officers, and thorough preparations be made for each meeting.

5. That by the end of June, 1931 we should like a report from each stake giving the number and kind of articles of clothing contributed by members of the Relief Society to their ward organization, as asked by the General Board at the April, 1930 conference.

ACCORDING to the reports of work day, the most successful stakes have several instructors in the ward, one in charge of the art work, one of quilts, one of remodeling, etc. Each instructor plans and teaches the work for which she is responsible.

Many wards found demonstrations of various sorts successful. One ward had members demonstrate their own recipes and serve the group. A penny fund was maintained to defray expenses of this plan. October would be an opportune time to demonstrate sandwich fillings, etc., for school lunches. Commercial demonstrators are glad to bring gas or electric ranges and furnish materials to demonstrate cooking. One ward bought package goods at half price to embroider. These were made up on work day and sold at bazaars to increase funds.

Suggestions and demonstrations of remodeling winter coats for children might be very helpful at this time of year. No little child in your ward should go to school insufficiently clothed.

One stake specialized on table favors in their art work. Many beautiful and inexpensive decorations were made.

THE following is the outline of one stake's plan which was very successful:

October—Bound button holes and tailor's tacks. Remodeling dresses and hats.

November—Door-stop. Applique quilting. Candy making.

December—Bags—wool, beaded silk. Flowers.

January—Afghan—new or old material. Hand knit articles.

February—Study of plants and the growing of flowers; plant diseases.

March—Stenciling and fabric painting; embroidery.

April—Pillows—felt, patchwork applique, toponta quilting.

May—Demonstrations in domestic science.

Guide Lessons For November

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

BOOK OF MORMON—THE GREAT WAR

This lesson covers the material in the *Book of Mormon* from Chapter 45 to Chapter 52, including both chapters.

The Story

We have now reached the year 19 of the reign of the Judges, or 72 B. C. The Lamanites are south of a strip of wilderness running east and west from sea to sea, with the Nephites on the north of it. Just where this strip is and how wide it is, we do not know, and it does not matter.

Alma the prophet, after instructing his son Helaman concerning the records, disappears and is not heard of again. Helaman, with other high priests, goes out to preach to the people. They meet with opposition.

Then Amalickiah, a large man physically and an aspirant for place and honor, stirs up trouble. He wants to be king. Moroni, however, is so wrought up over this threat upon freedom that he rouses all liberty-loving men to oppose Amalickiah. The result is that the traitor escapes, with some others, to the Lamanites.

Moroni now foresees trouble with the Lamanites. So he prepares for war. He fortifies the cities by surrounding them by high earth-works, on the top of which he builds breastworks of timber. Then he waits for the inevitable.

Meantime, Amalickiah, in the south, perfects his own schemes. First, he stirs up the sleeping enmity of the Lamanite chief against the northern people. The king orders a war. But the army is divided by fear of Moroni. Most of them revolt. Next, the crafty Nephite is sent to subdue the rebellious soldiers. He poisons Lehonti, their leader, becomes head of the combined forces, marches back to the king, has him run through with a sword, marries the queen, and rouses the whole barbarous nation to war-heat. It is a story that matches Iago's in "Othello."

Then there is a period of war—which lasts through this lesson, with an interval, and into the next. Amalickiah is killed by a pretty strategem of Teancum's; and his brother Ammoron succeeds him. Several Nephite cities are taken by the Lamanite army, which is very numerous.

The interval of peace, as between the two peoples, comes after the first Lamanite army is sent home in defeat by the resourceful Moroni. But it is not a period of entire peace among the Nephites. For some persons of "noble birth," presumably unworthy descendants of men who did something for the community, seek to break up the republic and to establish a monarchy.

That is what happens in this lesson.

Outline

I. Spiritual (Chapter 45).
   1. Alma instructs Helaman.

2. Alma disappears.
3. Helaman preaches to the people.
4. He meets with opposition.

II. Treachery of Amalickiah (Chapters 46 and 47).
1. Who he is—description of
2. His purposes.
3. His escape to Lamanites.
4. His plotting among them.

III. Efforts of Moroni (Chapter 46).
1. His concern over Amalickiah's conduct.
2. His "title of liberty."
3. His success.
4. Traits of character.

IV. War with Lamanites (Chapters 50, 51, 52).
1. Preparation for it by Moroni.
2. First attack by Lamanites.
3. Interval of peace.
4. Attacks under Amalickiah and Ammoron.

Notes

1. *Amalickiah.* This is one of the most striking, well outlined characters in the *Book of Mormon.* To be sure, he is not an admirable character, as we measure men, for he is engaged in building up himself instead of others. And, after all, that is the supreme test of human worth. Nevertheless, he is a well-defined portrait in the Nephite record. He is a perfect antithesis of liberty-loving Moroni.

He is a large man, we are told, and powerfully built. We could imagine as much. And he has a keen mind, too, with imagination. He loves power, has unbounded energy, and knows how to plan so as to attain his ends. It would seem, too, that he has a persuasive tongue. He raises about him, by that means it would seem, a rather large following among the Nephites; and then he leads the Lamanite chieftain and later the chieftain's widow into his trap.

If all the details in his life were known, it is not at all improbable that he is the counterpart, in the main outlines of his character, of Shakespeare's Iago, in "Othello." Having chosen his end—the headship of the Lamanites first and then of the Nephites as well—he goes about the matter of attaining that end in the most cunning and systematic way, and utterly without scruples. It is a pity that such a restless, ambitious, far-seeing mind cannot be set to work on some fine constructive purpose. But very likely he was not of the type that can be trusted. His main flow is selfishness. In our next lesson we shall be concerned with his opposite—Moroni.

2. *Teancum* is another character whose outlines are clearly drawn in the very few details we have of him in the *Book of Mormon.* But he is not of the same class as the selfish Amalickiah. He plans and works for the common good.

Equally unresting with that scheming apostate, Teancum thinks always of how he may further the cause of liberty in his nation. Both armies are asleep. Amalickiah is asleep, with his guards, for every one is tired from a hard day's fighting. Teancum alone is awake. He wonders if he cannot strike a fatal blow at the enemy by killing the king. It is a desperate chance to take. But he risks all for the cause. It is a fine picture—this courageous, heroic figure stealing over the wall, moving stealthily to the king's tent, plunging the blade into his heart without waking anyone, and then going back and rousing the Nephite soldiers and holding them in readiness for anything that might hap-

en. It is a splendid act performed
n a great cause.

3. *War* does not make very pleas-
nt reading under any circum-
tances. It is probably what Sher-
nan said of it, when he called it
'hell." But there is this to say of
he warfare in the *Book of Mormon*
—the details are not given for their
wn sake.

Mormon, whose words we are
eading—for it was he who made
he abridgement of the "larger
lates"—was himself a soldier in
is day. And probably he could not
ltogether resist the temptation to
et down some of the particulars in
Moroni's defensive campaign. On
he whole, however, he practices
reat self-restraint—for a warrior.
And so we have usually only such
details as bring out the policy of
the Nephite people in their relations
to the Lamanites and the purposes
of the Lord with respect to the
white population here.

(a) The Nephites fight only in
self-defense. Never are they the
aggressors. Their leaders have a
horror of the taking of human life.
They naturally do not like to kill,
but they have a special objection to
killing people in war because these
do not have time in which to re-
pent and prepare to meet death. It
is a refinement of thought that, so
far as I know, is found only in the
Book of Mormon.

(b) The Nephites of this period
have an intense love for political
liberty. That is partly due, no
doubt, to the passionate pleadings
of Moroni. He is the Patrick
Henry of the ancient Americans.
Liberty to those people was more
precious than life itself. Doubtless
they felt, at least, during the period
which we have now reached, just as
our own beloved president John
Taylor put it, "I would not be a
slave to God—I'd rather be ex-
tinct!" And so they staked their
all for this one thing—freedom to
think and act.

(c) God demanded righteousness
of the Nephites. He demanded
righteousness of all who inhabited
the American continent. Mormon
interjects this passage into his
abridgement: "Cursed shall be the
land unto every nation, kindred,
tongue, and people, unto destruc-
tion, which do wickedly, when they
are fully ripe. The Lord cannot
look upon sin with the least degree
of allowance."

(d) In accordance with this law
thus set down by Mormon and oth-
ers in the *Book of Mormon,* the
author of this abridged narrative
takes pains to show that whatever
blessings come to the Nephites are
the result of their righteousness, and
that whatever ills come upon them
are the results of their wickedness.
This war is one of the applications
of this principle. And it is helpful
to us in reading this account to re-
member that Mormon was writing
this part of the story in full view
of the fact that this nation was
either going under or had actually
gone under. He had before him the
whole history of his people.

4. The details of the war are
therefore chosen for the purpose of
bringing out the larger purpose in
the life of the Nephites, and not be-
cause the details of it are interest-
ing in themselves. This is not true,
say, in a history of the United
States. For there these war par-
ticulars are set down because they
happened to the people of this na-
tion. But Mormon does not work
that way. He is writing a religious
history, not just a history. His
emphasis on Moroni and Amalic-
kiah shows that. So does that in-
cident about Teancum. Always his
particulars are subordinated to his
main purpose.

If therefore we read these war

details with that idea in mind, this assignment and the one to follow will not appear so dry as they might otherwise be.

Questions

1. Is this idea of Mormon's about righteousness and wickedness being followed by prosperity and its opposite respectively, one that applies generally? Did it apply to the Lamanites? Why? Does it apply to the United States? Explain.

2. Does this idea apply to individuals? Give your reasons.

3. Just what acts do you consider "righteous" and "wicked" in individuals? In a nation or community?

4. Is the "prosperity" or the "evil" that comes to the "righteous" or the "wicked" a matter of "reward" and "punishment" or a matter of "results" coming after "cause"? Explain your meaning and justify your explanation.

5. Show from this lesson that the things in the *Book of Mormon* deal with the universal in life rather than the merely temporary.

References: *Dictionary to the Book of Mormon*, Reynolds; *The Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon*, Evans.

LESSON 2

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in November.)

MEMBERSHIP IN RELIEF SOCIETY

"This charitable Society is according to your natures; it is natural for females to have feeling of charity. You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to these sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious. If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. * * * This Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls. * * * And I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. This is the beginning of better days to this Society."—*Joseph Smith.*

Nothing bigger can come to a human being than to love a great Cause more than life itself, and to have the privilege throughout life of working for that Cause.—*Anna Howard Shaw.*

Any good woman is eligible for membership in the Relief Society.

I. Admittance to Membership
   1. Desire to join indicated
   2. Explanation of obligations
   3. Recommendation by member
   4. Acceptance by majority vote

II. Responsibilities of Membership
   1. Payment of dues
   2. Attendance at meetings
   3. *Relief Society Magazine* subscription
   4. Participation in Activity — social, financial, service, or any call made by president
   5. Loyalty to organization

LESSON 3

Literature

(3rd Week in November)

THE SHORT STORY: STORIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT, GREECE, AND ROME

IN Egypt, somewhere between two and three thousand B. C., there was one Ptahhotep of the Pharaoh Dedkere's family who collected the moral maxims handed down from earlier ages. Found in his Precepts was this:

"If you are in the position of one to whom the petitions are made, be courteous and listen to the petitioner's story. Do not stop his words until he has poured out all that he came to say. A man with grievance loves the official who will accept what he states and will let him talk out his troubles fully. * * * A kind word will paint his heart; but if an official stops the flow of his words, people will say, 'Why should this fellow there have the power to behave this way?' * * * When Death comes, it seizes the baby which is at its mother's breast as well as him who has become an old man. When that messenger comes to carry you away, let him find you ready."

Change the wording of Ptahhotep's morality a little and it might have been written by some twentieth century moralist. Man, in some essentials, does not change much, and it is the human element in these stories of Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome that makes them worth a moment's pause in today's work.

These three ancient countries have been grouped together for two rather obvious reasons. They are related in geography and civilization; because of the limited number of lessons, the story material must be condensed. Class leaders are, of course, free to substitute stories other than the ones designated. Some stories they will feel to be more interesting and more easily handled, but for the purposes of unity a story from each country has been selected, *Anpu and Bata* from Egypt, Aesop's *Country Mouse* from Greece, and either Livy's *Horatius at the Bridge* or Ovid's *Orpheus and Eurydice* from Rome.

Some readers may find that Herodotus' *King Rhampsinitus and the Thief* is most interesting of the Greek stories, but the subject matter is rather unpleasant. The story is interesting however, if only for the difference in moral ethics between the twentieth century and the B. C.'s. It is hardly probable that a ruler of today would choose for his daughter's husband such a thief, even if he were wiser than the Egyptians who "excelled all the rest of the world in wisdom."

Some of the class members may prefer a mystery story, there being two in the Ancient Rome section—one *The Haunted House* by Pliny the younger, and the other *The Dream* by the author of the Golden Ass. The former is one of the best of ancient ghost stories and shows that ghosts have not changed materially since Pliny's time. *The Dream* is breathlessly absorbing and still has hair raising qualities.

Aesop, who presumably wrote *The Country Mouse* is too well known to need mention. His moral tales, dressed in the fabric of beasts, have come down through many ages and are still being told and imitated

today. From all that the world knows, he was a foreign slave in a Greek household.

Naturally the Romans borrowed much of their culture from the Greeks, but among them the short story was more highly esteemed than it was with the Greeks. Ovid, author of *Orpheus and Eurydice,* was born in Rome in 43 B. C. His great literary ambition was to write in verse the chief stories of Greek mythology.

The Egyptian story, *Anpu and Bata,* was supposed to have been written about 1400 B. C., and the author is unknown. It is a story with a theme as old as Egypt. In the Old Testament the theme is found in the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and writers of every age since have used it. Women, in the opinion of the author of *Anpu and Bata,* were inferior creatures, for both of his women have no sense of honor and resort to trickery and deceit to gain their ends. Even the woman composed of the essence of Nine Gods was no better than the ordinary mortal.

The civilized world has always been interested in Egyptian history and mythology, and many seekers of religion have felt that deep mysteries and truths have long been hidden in the Valley of the Nile. Much of our civilization has come from Egypt and scholars have felt that country which could produce so many and variegated arts and sciences should also produce a religion as great. But in this supposition they have erred. Men who have made a thorough and prolonged study of ancient Egypt believe that its religion was without a definite system of doctrine, largely unintelligible and unadaptable to reason.

Egyptian religion seems to have begun with Animism, a belief that the earth and heavens were filled with countless spirits, many of which abode in animals. Naturally the primitives could not understand animals because they had no means of communication. Animals, then, were mysterious and could cause harm to man. Man, in turn, must someway appease them. So he began to placate animals by sacrifices, after which they in time became spirits and later gods. The water, the wind, the trees, the fields, all were filled with gods, and each tiny place had its local god. In historic times the gods were better organized. At the time the story of *Anpu and Bata* was written, about 1400 B. C., there was one chief god, Re or Ra, who was god of the sun. There were countless other deities, but the Nine Gods, whose names it would be useless to name, were the most important.

Animals, however, were still held holy, particularly the bull. This animal, if he wanted to be highly regarded, must be black with certain markings of white.

The Egyptian religion, shown in the story, was still crude and child like with gods who dealt in magic. But these same gods were walking upon the earth and dispensing justice. Good was rewarded and bad punished.

Questions on the Story of Anpu and Bata

What is the theme of the story? Do you know of any other stories using the same theme?

What knowledge is gained from *Anpu and Bata* of life in Egypt at this time?

What evidences do you find in the story that the author was a person of culture?

Applying the tests for a good story, show where this one either complies or fails.

Is this story a true short story according to the modern definition?

Does the writer of this story have a high opinion of women? Why?

In what ways were the two women characters alike?

What do you suppose were the particular ornaments and promises that won the wife of Bata?

How did Bata triumph over women in the end?

Point out human traits that are characteristic of any country or time.

Does this story have a philosophy?

* * * * *

Using Ovid's story as a basis, the Greek and Egyptian religion? what difference do you find between

Notes on Anpu and Bata

Ra Harakti: sun god and chief of the gods.

Nine Gods: the principal gods.

Bull of the Nine Gods: a sacred animal, probably black with the white marks.

Khnumu: one of the Nine Gods.

Hathors: goddesses of love, usually represented as having cow's heads and ears.

Persea trees: holy trees.

Muller's Egyptian Mythology was used as the basis for conclusions drawn on Egyptian religion.

LESSON 4

Social Service

Fourth Week in November

PERSONALITY STUDY: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSUASION

Based on *Influencing Human Behavior,* pages 28-70

In these lessons we are using the term "personality" rather frequently. Just what meaning do we have in mind when we use this much over-worked expression? To realize how loosely the term is used ask a few of your friends just what they mean when they speak of a person as having such or such a personality. Is personality, for example, largely a matter of perfume and cosmetics? How much, if any, is it a matter of making use of what we sometimes call "policy" or of being able to prevaricate gracefully? To what extent is one's personality stable so that it may be justly described in the same terms on different days or years? The writer was one of a group who, at one time, at least assented to the description of a certain educator as having a "rotten personality" and then later with no less malice he agreed with others who believed that this same individual could attribute his wonderful success very largely to his "splendid personality." Again, another individual was referred to in the writer's presence as having a "cheap, drug-store, tin-whistle personality," and within a week this same person was described in his hearing as having the "most outstanding and sparkling" personality of any one of about fifteen hundred college students. Do we not need to understand better what psychologists are thinking of when they write or speak about "personality?" Carr says:

"The term 'self' is generally employed to characterize an individual from the standpoint of his reactive disposition. We also speak of an individual's personality when we wish to refer to all those traits and

characteristics of his self that make or mar his efficiency in dealing with other individuals, while the term 'mind' is used when we wish to characterize an individual from the standpoint of his intellectual characteristics and potentialities."

Thus we see that personality is not just some mysterious "it" which one simply either has or does not have and which is something beyond one's power to achieve. On the other hand it is largely a matter of habits, attitudes and ideals. To improve one's personality in this wholesome and sobering sense of the word is not only our privilege but our responsibility. In this connection reread the quotation from Dean Woodward in last month's *Magazine*. In this same spirit, Dr. Chamberlin writes:

"Persons, not things, represent the only true values. The enhancement of personality is the one proper end of our living and striving." (See *Life and Philosophy of W. H. Chamberlin*, pages 129 and 182.)

If these lessons really serve their purpose, we shall all have increased our understanding and control of our own behavior as well as that of other people. We shall be better equipped to bring about desirable changes in ourselves as well as in our associates. So much by way of again striking the keynote of the course.

The immediate lesson for consideration is based on our text, pages 28 to 70. First we have a rather interesting and clear discussion of some of our fundamental human wants and then follows another short chapter on the tools with which we may make things vivid in communicating our ideas to our friends. In connection with pages 30-32, consider the quotation from Dewey given in Poulson's *Human Nature*, pages 49-50. On the problem of human "instincts" compare the text, page 37, with Poulson, pages 160-161, or West and Skinner—*Psychology in Social and Religious work*, chapter 8. In relation to page 39, consider this extract from Swift:

"(People) rarely do the best of which they are capable. They grow to the smallest dimensions of their job and then stop. They do not make a little job into a big one. The reason for this, we have seen, is racial indolence. No more effort is expended in a piece of work than is required to produce a satisfactory result; and 'satisfactory' is a variable quantity. * * * So true is it that man is satisfied with the results which meet the lowest requirements of a situation that this human characteristic may be called the *tendency to minimum effort*. It is, therefore, of supreme importance that young men and women, during their adaptive period be associated with those whose standards of achievement are high—who stimulate to continuous effort toward better efficiency."

Compare these sentiments with those given in Poulson's *Human Nature*, pages 171, 175. Do you not agree with President Emeritus Brimhall when he says, "We need someone to keep us at our best?"

In relation to the "violent shouting," "angry scolding" and "direful remindings" mentioned on page 45 of the text, it would be well to reconsider problem number six of our last lesson. Is this not important enough to have emphasized again?

Supplementary References

Poulson—*Human Nature* (Teacher Training Text 1927-28) pages 18-24, 31-39, 49-50, 160-161, 171, 175.

West and Skinner—*Psychology*

for Religious and Social Workers, pages 95-113, 245-262.

Further Problems for Discussion

1. Compare Carr's definition of personality with other defintions you are able to find.

2. Bagby says that traits of personality are "essentially * * * products of the training and the experience through which the individual has passed, especially in the early stages of his development." What things about this statement are especially hopeful and encouraging even to adults? Are our personalities still in the making? What are some of the first steps for us to take so as not to "allow our personalities to shrivel up and cease growing?"

3. Describe in picturesque words the "pouring in" technique and the "technique of duty" mentioned by Overstreet. Contrast these with the more modern type of persuasion which first arouses "in the other person an eager want."

4. Mention several of our dependable and powerful human wants of which we are ordinarily conscious. Mention some that are far more subtle and relatively unconscious and yet very powerful.

5. Show that the persuasiveness of the first advertisement quoted on page 51 depends upon how well it induces "vivid imagined experiences" on the part of the reader. Relate a recent instance where you made effective use of what our author calls the "secret of all true persuasion."

6. If you are marking your book as suggested in last month's *Magazine,* what sentence would you mark with double or treble lines on pages 57 to 63 inclusive? Comment on your selection and compare with sentences which appealed most to other members of the class.

7. Are you becoming more interested in personality problems? How much more worthwhile it is to make actual observations of human nature and to try to influence the behavior of our associates in some of the ways we are learning about than to merely content ourselves with the parroting or verbalizing of the phrases in our lessons! Do you notice too much concern on the part of the members of the class with mere words and phrases? Contrast as well as you can these two methods of trying to understand and influence human behavior.

A Lullaby Song

By Elsie E. Barrett

There's a Lullaby Song 'tween the daylight and dark,
  Ever crooning the babies to sleep;
Lady Button-eyes sees from the sheltering trees,
  As she lovingly takes a sly peep.

She is ready to waft her calm spell o'er each babe
  When ashe beckons some smiles lurking near
As she fashions sweet dreams from the moon's dainty beams—
  Now she's creeping and c-r-e-e-p-i-n-g—I hear—

Just a faint lisping sigh from a baby's pink lips;
  Lady Button-eyes, smiling and wise,
Need no longer delay, so she tiptoes away
  Just to button all dear baby eyes.

The Three Graces

By Henry F. Kirkham

Why not be cheerful?
Out of life cull;
Gather the pleasant,
Cast forth the dull.

Why not be hopeful?
All is not ill;
Light follows darkness,
Time will fulfill.

Why not be friendly?
Some are worth while;
Downcast and helpless,
Give them a smile.

Cheer, hope, and friendship,
Cost not a dime;
Mellow life's footsteps,
Make life divine.

Smooth out the pathway,
Vanquish a sigh;
Your days are fleeting;
Come, give a try!

Happiness

By Henry F. Kirkham

Some men strive mightly for outward gain,
Vainly they dream that happiness is found
And measured out like tallow by the pound.

While others madly climb the path of fame,
Decked in fine purple sit in chairs of state
And thus invite but stinging darts of fate.

Still yet again in sackcloth and in ash,
Men crucify themselves beneath the lonely sky
With undried eyes—while all the world goes by.

Alas! for vanity, Alas' for those who seek,
Wresting by force what only gods may lend
And quest afar to find the rainbow's end.

As though this precious gift was some rare toy,
A splendid show, an object to be sought
And bartered as a bauble that is bought.

Yet certainly is happiness but mind,
Commanded by the soul, the heart's desire
That burns within as some clear vestal fire.

Flaming as bright in beggar as in prince,
One may not quench it by a flood of tears
Nor all of Croesus' wealth add to its years.

Calendula

Who sits there beside the wall
  Clad in raiment yellow,
Through the summer and the fall
  In the sunshine mellow?

Slim her stem and stout her waist,
  Green her underpinning,
Golden frills about her laced
  In a way that's winning.
Sweet, pert, quaint, bright marigold—
  Ever bravely shining,
Would your light my heart might fold
  In its deepest lining!

—*Josephine Spencer.*

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